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## AGENDA FOR MOSCOW

THE most momentous of many Allied conferences s about to meet in Moscow. It would be an nder-statement to say that its business is to ammer out a common policy, where as yet none xists, between Moscow and the Western Powers. he issue is graver. Are they allies, save in the imited sense that all three are fighting the Nazis? he common belief is that this conference has een called to discuss political questions: it is a neeting of Foreign Secretaries. But with them n authoritative soldier will attend—General smay. The inference is only too obvious. During two winters and three summers the ussians have had one thing to say to the Western emocracies, and one thing only. Not one word ave they spoken about the future Council of urope, about an International Force or even bout Freedom from Want. They said they anted a Second Front on the Continent of urope. As the years passed they went on saying with details which swept aside such efforts as e have yet made: it must draw off sixty German ivisions from the Eastern Front and it must be Western Europe. They will go on saying it when Mr. Hull and Mr. Eden are there to listen. Unless eneral Ismay can offer them what he may not e empowered to offer, in what mood will the ussians approach the many awkward political atters on the agenda? They have the right to el self-reliant and independent. Will they wish go very deeply into problems which can be ttled only by compromise?

High up on the agenda stands the awkward uestion of Poland. By the end of this winter is not unlikely that Russian armies, with a ivision or two of Russophil Poles among them, ay be advancing into Polish territory, while the econd Front, as they define it, is still a project the future. They may not in these circumances feel that the somewhat divergent views, rtainly of Mr. Hull and possibly of Mr. Eden, e entitled to all the weight they would possess, British and American armies were forcing en one-sixth of Hitler's land forces to fight a Second Front. The issue is relatively simple. is much more than an old-world debate over ontiers and ethnography. The Russians want have a friendly Poland as their neighbour, which is not in itself an unnatural or improper wish. But they ask whether a Poland dominated by any of the parties or social strata which look to the conservative West for support, will ever be wholeheartedly friendly. Accordingly they are backing a Polish Committee dependent on themselves, which has under it some regular troops and an active body of guerillas. A similar situation confronts the Allies in Yugoslavia and Greece. We back the two kings and the kings' men; Moscow backs the partisans who are doing all the fighting. In a wholly different form the same issue may soon arise over Hungary, Bulgaria and Rumania, and in yet another guise over Czechoslovakia. Everywhere, ultimately, it is a class issue.

The counter-thesis which Mr. Eden may possibly present is in theory entirely reasonable. He may point out that a failure to reach a common policy will result at best in a tacit division of Europe into two exclusive spheres of interest. At the worst the quarrel will be fought out all over the vast Eastern borderland in a series of civil wars in which the Great Powers will be involved as the seconds and patrons of the combatants. Even on the more optimistic assumption, it is obvious that any hope of an integrated Europe, whether in the political or in the economic sense would have to be abandoned. There could be no effective planning for an economy of full employment across the border-line that delimited the two zones. Nor would any delimitation be final. A swing to the Left in France or Italy might toss them into the orbit of Moscow. And whose puppet or prisoner would a vanquished Germany be? A more restless or perilous power-pattern it would be impossible to imagine. If we shrink from it in alarm, there is no reason to suppose that the Russians like it. Now, as always, their first objective is security.

An integrated Europe is the ideal which every rational man applauds. But the phrase lacks realism. Who or what does the integrating? We can imagine two kinds of integration. In one of them Big Business is dominant, in the other the Common Man. Under the Nazis Big Business has done the integrating already: German cartels and banks have acquired a controlling share in every industrial and insurance concern of any standing over the entire Continent. When the Nazis are beaten, will the Steel Trust, the I.C.I., Standard Oil and the City step in with the laudable aim of averting chaos and collapse? If so, it will be necessary to buttress this structure with the appropriate political props. Kings in some longitudes will serve the putpose: elsewhere a Horthy or a Bethlen, a Franco and a Salazar may be indicated. In Germany there was a highly organised Big Business group which had actually negotiated a deal with the F.B.I. on the day Hitler's army entered Prague. There are, however, other and better ways of interpreting this plausible word "integration." It means nothing till we make it concrete. It will not touch Soviet consciousness until we give it a sense discernible as yet in none of our dealings with Europe.

### The Deal With Portugal

The curious deal with Portugal which Mr. Churchill announced on Tuesday represents a considerable military gain. With the naval and aerial bases in the Azores it should be very much easier to protect convoys and wage the war of attrition against the U-boats. Portugal's status as our "ancient ally" who accords us this strategical facility and yet remains a neutral in the world war is a legal curiosity which may amuse jurists as long as their science survives. The other half of the deal is more disturbing. To this Fascist State we have given large supplies of modern arms and promised "assistance . . . for the maintenance of her national economy." This is an indirect way of saying that we are assisting Dr. Salazar to prolong his dictatorship. He is as popular with the City as Mussolini once was with the Tory Party. Portugal was always a field for British investment, notably for insurance companies. As the Duce got his trains to run to time, so Salazar contrived to balance his budgets. But in a land which Nature endowed with a soil and climate ideal for many crops, the peasantry remain among the poorest and most illiterate of Europe's "forgotten men." The Dictatorship is in its methods neither more liberal nor more humane than that of Franco, to whose aid it sent several brigades of conscript "volunteers" in the days of "non-intervention." The two dictators are closely linked in a pact of "neutrality." We hope, not too confidently, that this deal with one of them is not a precedent for the grant of similar favours to the other. Democracy is on the march. The Salazars, Horthys and Francos are eager to fall in. But will they change their step?

### Mediterranean Misjudgment

It is not only with regard to the Western Front that General Ismay will have to deal with pointed questions in Moscow; Anglo-American strategy in the Mediterranean is bound to be a target of criticism. By the capture of Nevel and the forcing of the Middle Dnieper the Russians have demonstrated that weather can be overcome and the impossible achieved. They will not be unduly impressed by the speed of General Eisenhower's campaign in Italy, and they will certainly ask how the five or six German divisions in the line can delay so effectively the advance of two Allied armies. Rain has fallen; but is this a convincing explanation? Or is it that the British and American armies have sacrificed mobility through over-elaboration of mechanism?

Even more disappointing, however, than the apparent lack of a sense of urgency in Italy has been the apparant mixture of inertia and rashness displayed by the Allies in relation to the Balkans and the Aegean since Mussolini's fall and the collapse of Italy. In Yugoslavia, the National Army of Liberation has been left to fight unaided, and no help has reached the insurgent Andartes in Greece. Where a British division or two might have turned the scale, the Germans have been allowed to reduce at their leisure the "co-belligerent" Italian garrisons in Corfu, Cephallonia and Rhodes. All that was done was to despatch British forces in "penny packets" to Cos, Leros and Samos—islands of no great strategic value, in an area where the enemy had command of the sky. The result of this ill-considered venture has been, in Cos, the loss of gallant men and (if the enemy's claims are true) of valuable ships, with great damage to our prestige in the Levant.

### The Missing Factor

The contrast between the continuing Russian successes and the Allies' imperfect exploitation of brave beginnings at El Alamein, Mareth and Tunis is painful. What has gone wrong in the Mediterranean? Is it that a faulty conception of probable needs or competing claims of other theatres of war left the Eastern Mediterranean armies ham-strung by lack of suitable shipping? Or did London and Washington grossly miscalculate the ability or willingness of demoralised Italian garrisons to resist disarmament by the Germans when the Badoglio Armistice was announced? Both these errors may have played a part. But there may have been a more profound inhibiting factor—unreadiness to deal with the political problems which sudden liberation of the Balkans would involve. Should we stake heavily on aid to Jugoslav and Greek insurgents whose direction is predominantly Communist? An awkward question for Governments in Washington and London with Kings Peter and George on their hands. This does not mean that the Allies "pulled their punches" when the moment for action—the Italian collapse—arrived. The truth is, more probably, that action could not be taken because plans had not been laid, and that this past shortcoming was due, in part, to lack of foresight and imagination, but mainly to refusal to recognise the elements which have long shown themselves the real representations of popular sentiment in the Balkans.

### A Colour Bar

By backing the Bills now before Congress which propose to repeal the Chinese Exclusion Act, Mr. Roosevelt has contributed to world history something more than a graceful gesture towards an Ally. He has struck a decisive blow at the colour bar which divides Asiatics from the Western peoples. The Bills, it is true, apply only to the Chinese and leave the status of other Eastern races unchanged. The moral and political effect could hardly be exaggerated, though the practical consequences will not be slight. Some 105 Chinese immigrants will be free to enter the United States every year under the quota system and an appreciable number of resident Chinese may be naturalised as citizens. The insulting Act which Congress should now sweep away reflected local public opinion on the West Coast. Even there a change has taken place, for some typical Californian Representatives are backing one of these Bills. In the Atlantic States, on the other hand, the Chinese, numerous enough to form several battalions of the United States army, were deservedly popular.

### The Controls After the War

Mr. Herbert Morrison's speech about the future of State control, on which we commented last week, has brought quite a number of Tories out into the open to denounce him. Captain Balfour, at Margate, inveighed against Ministers who wanted "a new race of little State stooges." More generally, Morrison is accused of abusing his position, and of misrepresenting the Government's policy. Among industrialists, the clamour has come from the stupider among the small fry. The very last thing most of the big combines want is to see control lifted as soon as the war is over. They want control to go on, as long as there is a real scarcity of materials, and they want the State to protect them in a drive for export markets, which will mean leaving fewer goods available for home consumption. Of course, these big interests want the Controls to continue on the understanding that they will be allowed to run them, as in most cases they are running them now. The small men, on the other hand, are apt to long for the abolition of control out of a combined dislike of Government departments and of their larger rivals who have made these departments their temporary homes. The big men, however, in wanting the Controls to go on, by no means want some of the other things Mr. Morrison referred to—controls on monopoly price-policies, for example. Irrespective of what anyone *wants*, it is plain that most of the Controls will have to continue for some time—or, at all events, that no Government can possibly put forward a policy which does not involve their continuance. The real question is whether the Government will stick to its guns, when, as happened in 1918, the vested interests begin on the morrow of the armistice a terrific press campaign directed nominally against control in general, but really designed to allow them to keep the Controls they want under cover of getting rid of those they dislike.

### The Barrow Settlement

The Barrow strike ended with the strikers getting most of what they wanted, in defiance of the National Arbitration Tribunal's interpretation of its own award. Critics of the strikers (among whom in a Note last week we erroniously included the boilermakers) are complaining that the Barrow craftsmen got by striking what more patient workers in other areas have been refused.? There is, however, more to the matter than that. It is, to say the least, unusual for an arbitration award proclaimed as an advance in wages to result for many of those affected in a reduction which had to be specially provided against in the award itself. The men had a grievance, in that many of them got nothing, and were saved from a reduction only by the clause which laid down that, in such cases, the old wage should be retained. Such a situation was possible only because th method of paying wages in the engineering trade—and in many others—is not a straightforward so much an hour or a unit of output, but a comple mix-up of standard rates, new bonuses, bonuse on output, and what not, so that it is sometime nearly impossible for the workman to understand what is really due to him. It is a bad thing to le men get by striking in wartime what they cannot get without. But it is a much worse thing to make awards which lead to strikes among men whose will to play their part in winning the war is beyond doubt. If the wage system were less of a tangle, and everyone could understand it as it applied to his own work, there would be much less to lecture about in many of the war factories.

## Others Are Waiting!

The demand for this paper is far greater than the supplies available within our paper ration. Are you prepared to forward your copy when you have read it? If so, kindly let the Publisher know and he will put you in touch with a member of the Forces or some other person unable to obtain a copy.

### Starving the Publisher

Mr. Stanley Unwin's letter to the *Times* dealing with the shortage of paper for the book-trade, exposes an injustice that is becoming a national injury. The amount of paper used by book publishers is, in any case, small compared with the consumption of the Daily or Sunday Press or, for that matter, with that of Government departments. Yet established firms are so crippled by paper restrictions that they cannot meet the most urgent needs for reprints of standard and essential works; they cannot even supply the needs of schools and colleges; they are prevented from publishing new books of importance. The inequity and folly of denying serious books to a public, which clamours for them as never before in history, is made the more obvious by the fact that the authorities have recently decided to allow a considerable increase in the allotments of the Daily Press, while new mushroom publishing firms, often producing books of the most dubious literary or social value, are able to obtain sufficient paper to flood the bookstalls. These firms are able to use paper provided by any printer with a surplus. The established publishing houses, on the other hand, must deduct any paper obtained in this way from their slender ration. The only sane course is immediately to increase the ration allowed to established publishers. When the War Office uses 25,000 tons of paper a year, the release of a thousand tons or so to the book trade should present no difficulty. It would mean another four or five million books a year. And to-day books are as much a part of the war-effort as the Press, E.N.S.A. or the B.B.C.

## PARLIAMENT: "NO" TO THE MINERS

*Wednesday afternoon*

Even large country houses may be cold thi winter. The House was perturbed by the coa situation. The Prime Minister, intervening unexpectedly for an hour at the start of the debate' second day, was at his most massively and boisterously debonair: nationalisation was turned down flat, because it was controversial and no strictly needed to win the war; stocks of coa were ample; Lord Cherwell had checked all th statistics and absenteeism was negligible ("neithe I nor my father was ever any good at decimals"). Tories received this news with public cheers—excited largely by the Prime Minister's excellen temper and tolerable puns—and private doubt. Labour had at least now a disappointment of a different order from the previous day's to che on: this was solid and indigestible indeed; the they had merely had charming and banal evasions from Gwilym Lloyd George. (The Government, he actually said, "will not fail to make such changes as may be found necessary in the ligh of experience"; on which Aneurin Bevan shouted something, not recorded in Hansard, about "constitutional bromide"). In an agi parenthesis, the Prime Minister passed some o the buck to the Minister for Fuel, who, if h wants nationalisation, "has only to ask for it"; there were a few cynical chuckles at this.

An interesting subsidiary theme of the Prim Minister's speech was the post-war gener election. There would either be a continuanc of coalition or a return to party conflict. H gave the impression of thinking the latter more probable, but of favouring the former himself.

The most stirring and sobering Labour speech on the first day of the debate was by Ness Edwards: "Men in the coalfields are suspicious, they are cynical, and they have no faith in the Government or in this House." Colonel Lancaster opened for the coalowners in a speech of admirably calm, conciliatory tone; he showed that some of the Minister's figures and comparisons were "quite valueless," and advocated a "charter" or post-war guarantee for the miners. Mr. Keeling, on the other hand, roused the Labour benches to fury with a wild and general tirade against the younger miners, who—gad, sir!—were "out of hand"; he stopped short of saying that they ought all to be shot, but he was not felt to have made a helpful contribution.

At question-time Bob Boothby and others pressed Oliver Lyttelton (who answers sluggishly and diffidently) on the allegation that Anglo-American-German cartel arrangements have prevented the development of a synthetic rubber industry in this country. Members learned with hilarious regret that an award made in 1892, "arising out of the kidnapping of Ja-Ja of Opobo" (pronounced *yah-yah*), had not yet been paid; Mr. Emrys Evans assured them that it was "under active consideration." Amery pointed out with consummate sangfroid that it was not up to us to play the Good Samaritan to Bengal; nevertheless, H.M.G. "will not hesitate to take . . . whatever measures may be essential." Mabane gave an answer on the colour bar which at any rate implied a sharp warning to hotels.

Except for an unguarded snarl at the Soviet Union, Grigg was considerably less unamiable than he had been three weeks before. After that occasion most of the periodical commentators—not only *Pontifex mi.*, but *Custos, Litotes* and the rest of the classically pseudonymous fraternity—animadverted, from their respective angles, on his tartness. It just shows the value of criticism. We may yet groom Grigg into a sucking-dove, so to speak.

PONTIFEX MINOR

# THE COAL CRISIS

MAJOR LLOYD GEORGE is personally popular, and in the torrent of criticism that has been poured out against the Government's handling of the mining situation he has come off very lightly indeed. Yet the fact remains that he has been at the head of the Ministry of Fuel and Power since the beginning of June, 1942; that when he was appointed there was already a really serious crisis in the affairs of the industry, and that during these sixteen months the situation has become not better but worse. If Major Lloyd George is not greatly blamed for this, it is only in part because most people recognise the inherent difficulties of the task of maintaining coal output at a satisfactory level; it is also because no one supposes that he has had the power to do what needs doing, even if he has had the will.

As the Prime Minister's intervention in the Coal Debate showed, the organisation of the mining industry—regarded by Mr. Churchill as a major issue of policy—is not in the hands of the Minister of Fuel and Power.

Perhaps Major Lloyd George ought to have resigned as soon as he discovered (if he did) that he had been set an impossible task. Difficult advice to follow in time of war. In any case, the responsibility for deciding how the mines are to be controlled must rest with the War Cabinet as a whole, and not with a somewhat junior departmental Minister who is not a member of it. This is true in a sense of all matters of industrial policy; but it applies with special force to coal-mining, because the underlying issues are acutely political, and it is a question of standing up, or not standing up, to exceptionally powerful vested interests.

In the mining industry industrial relations had been, for several generations, thoroughly bad, and public ownership had been ever since before the last war a lively issue of controversy. It is hardly putting it too strongly to say that the two sides hated each other in their corporate capacities, though, of course, good relations were to be found here and there. Beyond this the long distress of the coalfield areas between the wars had degraded the miners' standards of living—formerly among the highest—and had resulted inevitably in a deterioration of working capacity and a fraying of tempers among men who felt that the community was disregardful of their claims and hardships. Mechanisation had been coming, in fact, under the worst possible conditions for its introduction—those of a declining market; and, when mining labour suddenly became scarce, men who had been out of work for years found themselves going back to an industry in many ways so changed that it was less a matter of regaining lost skill than of mastering totally new technique. Then came the fall of France, and the loss of the European coal market; and with incredible stupidity men were drawn away from the mines into the armed forces or into other industries, though it should have been easy to foresee the great expansion in demand that would set in as soon as the new war factories were built and equipped to begin production.

The affairs of the mining industry, in short, had been mishandled; and when, in June, 1942, the crisis in coal supply forced the Government to act by setting up the new Ministry, the first essential for success was to give the miners the sense that they were starting out with a "New Deal." Hopes that the Government recognised this were aroused by the announcement that it had been decided to take "full control" over the mining and allocation of coal in order to ensure maximum production, and that this control would be exercised through a fully responsible Minister of Fuel and Power. Most people naturally assumed at the time that this meant that the coal industry was to be nationalised "for the duration," and that the State would become the employer of mining labour and would acquire an undisputed right to order how coal production should be carried on.

It speedily became plain, however, that this was not what was meant. The miners continued in the employment of the colliery owners just as before, though they were subject to directions and to special discipline from the State. The mine managers were placed in a curious dual position. At each pit the owners had to designate a person—the responsible manager—to whom the State's orders were to be given; but this person continued to be employed and paid by the owners, and not by the State, and had, of course, still to regard himself as the servant of the owners, on whom would depend his prospects of employment after the war.

The net effect of all this was that the State did *not* take over the industry, but only the final right of issuing orders to those in charge. The system whereby the unfortunate managers were made to serve two masters, the State and the colliery owners, was obviously not workable unless in fact one master was to be obeyed rather than the other. In most matters what happened was that the old managers carried on as before, and that every attempt by the State to alter things had to run the gauntlet, not only of the Regional and National Boards, but also of the colliery owners' back-stairs influence in high political quarters. Nor was it a small point that the miners, left in daily contact with managers still responsible to and employed by the colliery owners and still carrying on in the old way, were unable to see where State control had made a ha'porth of difference to their status or terms of employment.

No effective progress was made with the reorganisation or amalgamation of colliery concerns; and there was quite a shout in the Press when a couple of collieries, both standing outside the main grouping of the owners, were "taken over"—incidentally, a clear demonstration that the rest had not been "taken over," as everyone outside the know had supposed they were to be when the Government announced its new policy in June, 1942.

No one will pretend that "taking over," even to the length of complete nationalisation, can be a cure-all for the diseases of the mining industry. Nothing can alter the fact that the average age of the coal-miners is rising, that the ranks of the skilled men are continually thinned by death and unavoidable retirement, or that the newcomers to the industry, even when they are sufficient in numbers, are no full substitute for the skilled men who are lost. It would be possible, with nationalisation or without it, to alter the arrangement by which pit "boys"—mostly in truth not boys but grown men—are tied to their jobs at wages very much lower than are obtainable by their former colleagues who have been allowed to escape from the pits. It would have been possible, with or without nationalisation, to alter the absurd arrangement whereby the bonus offered as an incentive to higher output had been spread over huge districts, so as to afford practically no inducement to the workers in any particular pit. That this was done was, we believe, entirely the owners' fault; for they are understood to have opposed the pit bonus which is now at last being recommended for introduction. Some things could have been done to improve the situation even without public ownership; but we are convinced that nothing short of public ownership will make practicable the large changes that are essential if the best is to be made of what must at least be now a baddish job.

There are two reasons. First, as long as the present dual control remains, it will not be possible to work the coalfields in units dictated by economic expediency, in the interests of high immediate output, irrespective of the divided ownership of contiguous pits. Yet this is plainly what needs to be done in order to make the best of the available man-power and of the most accessible supplies of coal. It should be possible to throw pits together, to remove barrier coal, and to work from the most accessible shafts, to combine pumping arrangements and maintenance, and, in effect, to control the industry on a basis of local unity and not of divided ownership. If it is alleged that eggs so scrambled could never be unscrambled again, why worry? Ought they to be unscrambled? Was the coal industry so well organised in 1939 that we ought to act on the assumption that nothing whatever must be done to prejudice an exact retention of pre-war conditions?

Secondly, if the State is to be free to direct miners to where they are wanted most, to shut some pits and to concentrate the labour force on others, often at grave inconvenience to the men concerned, and to secure that the men accept these and other hardships on their part in the war effort, the State must make it clear to the men that they are working for the public and not for the colliery owners. There must both be, and appear to be, a really New Deal. The Tory answer to these arguments is that it would be a breach of the political truce to alter the status of the coal industry during the war in any way that would prejudice the post-war position of the owners. But it is impossible to forget that nationalisation of the coal mines was recommended by a Royal Commission as long ago as 1919 that attempts to induce amalgamation under private ownership, first by voluntary and later by compulsory means, have been persistently thwarted by the colliery owners. When at long last even a Conservative Government made up its mind to nationalise the coal itself, the Bill was so mutilated by colliery interests, above all in the House of Lords, that the public ownership of the coal, though it is supposed to be a legal fact, has failed to produce any of the results expected of it, and will fail for a generation to come, unless the law is altered to permit interference with existing laws.

How much longer are we expected to go short of coal that is urgently needed both for the war factories and for the home front without trying the remedy of real public control? Everything else has been tried; only that remedy remains.

# WILL O' THE WISP

Aviation rouses more unanimous interest, and more divergent opinions, than any other problem of our day. Pilots and politicians, military men of all arms, scientists, traders, railwaymen, speculators, merchant seamen, every soul who has learnt to endure the terror of the bomber overhead, every child who is determined to fly: we are all in it together. Only we all hope and fear different things. The face of humanity is turned to the sky, following the flight of a plane. The question is whether the plane may not prove to be as fatal a guide as its aerial precursor, the Will o' the Wisp.

Out of the prevailing confusion it is possible to sort some indisputable facts and some major considerations. This is a necessary process, for without it neither the impending Empire conference, nor its inevitable sequels, the Big Four and United Nations Conferences, will reach any agreement. An Empire conference on civil aviation is as good a starting point for international discussion as another, now that the stage of formal debate has been attained. The conference should hold its main sessions in public and publish all its discussions and findings. This idea may seem surprising to an officialdom which has grown used to enveloping all public business, whether of military nature or not, in an opaque secrecy; especially since the future of civil aviation is impossible to divide from the problem of security. But if the discussions are really meant to advance agreement on aviation, they will need to be supported by public opinion in the Commonwealth at large, which has a right to know what is being decided in its name. More important is the chance of informing American and even possibly Russian public opinion on the issues involved. The Russians have probably been too deeply involved in the struggle to have given much thought to post-war aviation, though no doubt the rulers of Russia have well-defined ideas about it. But Americans have been subjected to a wild propaganda by the air interests and the imperialist press. President Roosevelt is going to have a difficult passage with his own air Nazis, and if he decides to face this problem with statesmanship, he will need all the backing that a well-informed American public opinion can offer him. A British Empire Conference might be an important factor in forming that opinion.

It is folly to argue that imperial controversy should be secret. We are all well aware that the different states of the Commonwealth have different views and difficulties. The sort of selfish and spiteful talk by interested bodies which is now the only published commentary on anodyne government utterances does no good; and the whispers which attend the leaky secrecy of conferences may do great harm, for they may turn bewilderment into international ill-will.

The facts before the world are mainly these. There is little essential difference between the bomber and the troop-transport plane and the air-liner. The adjustments in machine tools needed to turn over to civil construction are relatively slight. Therefore it is impossible to separate civil from military aviation. The State which owns a great fleet of civil planes owns almost, a great air-force; certainly the potential of a great air-force. The consideration which flows from this fact is that the United Nations, if they mean to organise world security, must agree to control civil aviation. In the eyes of the common man, and we must hope the eyes of the rulers who represent him, no other consideration has any importance comparable with this. Peace is the one overwhelming common interest in humanity. An air rivalry which would certainly render the peace no more than a short nerve-ridden truce is not a thing which any government has the right to allow.

Our government is likely to give due weight to this. Certainly Mr. Attlee last June was clear on the point:

> Civil aviation cannot be divorced from military aviation. The conquest of the air has altered ideas of security and made former strategy obsolete

Winston Churchill, who seems to think almost exclusively in military terms, is the last man to get his proportions wrong on aviation. That he probably thinks of it as a power, while others think of it as a pest, does not divide him from us; we share the thought that it is a danger.

A second main fact is that the war production of planes is far greater than the possible needs of peacetime civil aviation. Mr. Wimperis, a leading expert, wrote to the *Times* last May that the world output of aircraft must now be between 100,000 and 200,000 a year, and that before the war the total number of aircraft engaged on regular civil routes, did not exceed 2,000 for the whole world. Naturally the air companies look forward to a vast increase of civil flying. The plans stretch from the "family plane" for the million, to American prophecies such as that of Mr. Grover Loening before the Civil Aeronautics Board, of an annual production of 15,000 cargo-planes to carry a quarter of the freight now carried by rail and road.

Now it leaps to the eye that there is a gap between a production of 100,000 planes and an estimate of 15,000. The fact is that no civil air programme, however ambitious, combined with the military airforces maintained in peacetime, can use a tithe of the power we have already to produce aircraft. This in itself, must force international control in organising quotas of manufacture. Otherwise the competition between the air companies will cause an economic madhouse, with themselves, the shipping lines and the railways all ruined together. Even with agreed reduction the demobilisation of the aircraft industry is going to be one of the worst headaches of the post-war period.

Here it is that the present position of the United States civil aviation comes to be considered. The Americans were always, like the Russians, favourably placed for long-distance internal flying, and the first two years of the war vastly increased their start in civil aviation. They are now suffering from a severe attack of exaltation. For one thing the imperialism of the "American Century" has seized upon aviation as its symbol. For another, the money possibilities in civil flying have stimulated a multiplication of that malignant growth of American individualism, the Tycoon. The modern Tycoon sees himself coining money on air speculation. It is a pity that the American politicians include a large number sympathetic to Tycoonery. Mr. Tydings, who proposed that the bases leased to the States should be annexed in return for lease-lend, expressed a common view. The tour of Senator Brewster and his four companions, as the Senator said, is aimed at examining problems related to post-war flying and petroleum:

> We have built great numbers of air-fields all over the globe, expending tremendous sums of American money without having gained any rights or concessions for post-war use. We naturally wish to collaborate with our allies . . . but we have to protect out interests . . . when the Lend Lease Agreement was made we did not expect payments, but now . . . the desire for figures has increased, and it seems too late to avoid an inquiry.

Now has this a sinister sound or has it not?

It is perhaps mistaken to attach too great an importance to American claims to run the whole civil aviation of the earth, on the grounds of their present superiority in civil planes. The building capacity of several other countries is as good in quality. The American leadership is ephemeral, and need cause little concern, were it not for the influence of Big Business upon American policy.

The same influence is too great here also. Here it produces the demand for complete commercial liberty to compete for civilian air trade after the war, with internal protection for British lines; and does internal in this context cover the whole Empire? It is complicated by the justified desire of the shipping lines to run airlines in conjunction with their routes, and by the alarm of the railways, liable to lose their first-class passengers. A side issue of small permanent importance is the dislike of the monopoly in foreign flying granted to B.O.A.C., whose wartime inadequacy and unsuitable directorate have given a handle to the opponents of state-controlled flying. The States have an opposite number to this position in the hatred of the other firms for Pan-American Airways and American Export Airlines which hold the right of international transport. Internecine rivalries apart, the transport firms in both countries want the state to supply them with aerodromes at home and, by agreement, abroad, with a protected standard of airworthiness, with meteorological services, and with subsidies in the form of mail contracts. In return they want liberty to compete with all comers.

The flying companies form—with intelligent individual exceptions—an international block clamouring for a return to private competition, and apparently oblivious of the existence of at least one great system of state-owned civil transport in Russia, not to mention others under state control such as the Dutch K.L.M. and the German Lufthansa. Non-commercial expert opinion, on the other hand, is allied with that of the British aircraft construction firms. Proposals for control, both national and international, include Flight-Commodore Fellowes' world board coordinated with an international airforce, and the proposals of Mr. Tree and other Conservative M.P.s for Empire and European boards. The very interesting suggestions of the British Aircraft Constructors—among them, international and extra-territorial aerodromes—begins:

> Within a framework devised to prevent armed aggression there should be as much freedom of operation as possible.

The constructors are indeed more socially-conscious than the transport interests, and well they may be, for they are largely nationalised. We, the people, now supply them with their factories, with their workpeople and the housing for them, with their immensely costly machinery, and with a large part of their research. The management by which they produce the number of planes which they undertake to turn out, is what remains as their contribution. It seems that they themselves are aware that the aircraft industry is mainly the property of the nation.

The States of the Commonwealth, which means the Dominions, India and ourselves, occupy a middle position in air policy. The interest of security should align us with Russia, and make the States own all aircraft, however far they delegated the organisation of actual flying. We would then enter into sensible negotiation with the rest of the United Nations for quotas of civil aircraft, the mapping of routes and joint maintenance of aerodromes, common standards for piloting and airworthiness of planes, and combined meteorological services. Britain holds a strong bargaining position; for Canada and Britain are well placed in the "great circle" of these air-routes, and the Empire owns many bases about the world.

But at the other end of the sea-saw from Russia sits the United States. Nobody has stated the case against the Air-Tycoons better than Mr. Wallace, who wrote flatly, last June, that the existence of other nations rendered their proposed monopoly of aircraft production and petrol the road to "World War No. 3." Yet Roosevelt's press statement of last week, while disposing of the monopoly myth by the doctrine of air freedom, with journeys between two points in the same country reserved to its own liners, also postulated privately-owned civil air transport. And this he gave out as a joint policy with Churchill.

Privately owned air lines can, no doubt, be both limited and controlled by the States which organise the air security system. And unless the world is to be lured by the Will o' the Wisp of capitalist profits into destruction, they must be so controlled. We in the Empire can work out a world scheme in which we take a fair share of both gain and responsibility. That is the task of the Empire conference, and its opportunity.

# A LONDON DIARY

I fell into conversation the other day with a friend whose work has brought him much into touch with the R.A.F. at home and abroad. He was troubled about the post-war prospects of these young men. Our admiration for their courage and skill; our gratitude for the astonishing exploits by which they saved this country from being conquered in 1940; all the tangle of guilt feelings which afflict civilians because of their sacrifices and because of the indiscriminating type of warfare in which they are the chosen instruments—all these feelings will give them the first claim upon public recognition. But what will they do with themselves when the post-war honeymoon is over? Some will find a field for their special aviation knowledge in the development of world flying. But many will want first the security and comforts of home. And how are they to get these without any training for civilian work? Some have learnt trades during the war; many have learnt nothing except how to fight in the air. A large number, my informant said, would be unemployable. What ideas would they have in their minds? Judging by my post bag, many of them have forward or radical views. Yes, but they would tend to a contempt for politicians and for paths of reason and persuasion; they would be very radical in the sense that they would assume things ought to be different without any background of knowledge to explain why things are wrong and what remedies are possible. Remember that they have had little chance since school days to read seriously, to acquire cultural interests or to know what has been done or thought in the realm of social, political and economic experiment. They have mainly a specialised and isolated experience in which the stress is on the inferiority of other people and other nations, and they are likely very naturally to have a grudge against a society that has so used them. How will they employ themselves? What will our society have to offer in the way of acceptable work and decent pay to men who will have no training for civil life and possibly little desire for ordinary drudgery? Amongst other things it must offer the opportunity of renewed study and training.

* * *

Were these young men interested in religion? I asked. Not, he said, in the sense that they wanted to go to church. But they had a respect for the Church. Padres in this war had done a very different job from those in the last. They had made themselves useful and popular. That would be an important contrast between the two post-war periods. Another difference is that a determined effort is being made to infect the Forces with anti-Semitism. They were told—sometimes in unofficial sheets written especially for the troops—that the Jews were not fighting and were buying up the goods and houses and operating the black market. You could see them spending the proceeds at expensive restaurants . . . Old stuff, very familiar in Germany. But easy stuff to fall for, especially if you see in the papers Jewish names in black market trials, and do not know enough to realise that the trades that lend themselves to black-marketing are trades in which the proportion of Jews is so high that the proportion of black marketeers who are Jews is necessarily high in relation to the whole population. And, of course, some Jews do behave in a way that gives a handle to this propaganda; that is just the reason why the Jews are chosen as the basis for a propaganda which has really nothing to do with Jews, but which might even undermine post-war England, as it undermined post-war Germany. But it should not be difficult to convince young men in the Forces that this anti-Semitic and anti-Parliament propaganda has nothing to do with genuine radicalism.

* * *

"Individualism" also offers attractive prospects of propaganda to the unwary. Everyone would like to be "free"; what a good idea to tell the plain man that he will be free if the "controls" are abolished. The young soldier or airman who looks forward to running his own life without "regimentation" may be peculiarly susceptible to the suggestion that politicians are scheming to keep him under the thumb of the "bureaucrat"—presented as the civilian equivalent of the sergeant-major. In fact to remove the Controls would be to pass over to private monopolists, who would not be restrained by publicity or democratic checks, the power which in the hands of the State is exercised with a considerable degree of public responsibility. Herbert Morrison stated the point with precision when he said that the absence of control meant that the big man brings home the bacon. Individualism, which meant something genuine in the days of Cobden, is now another name for slavery to the great Combines, and the point of advocating it is once again, as after the last war, to allow the shipping interests, now pooled in the public interests, to repeat the story of Jarrow and the mine-owners to repeat the story of the Rhondda Valley, and so on. What a ramp it is! Does Sir Ernest Benn propose to break up the steel and coal trusts so that we all get back to equal competition?

* * *

Again take the *Daily Express* campaign against the Controls. Admittedly, the big advertisers will be pleased. But who else would seriously want, as the *Express* urges, to bring British Restaurants to an end when the war ends? Are they not publicly beneficial? What does it matter if the State subsidises them as long as they improve the lot of the common man? For the actual facts, economic and social, about British Restaurants read a pamphlet, *The Communal Restaurant*, with a foreword by Sir Wyndham Deedes (London Council of Social Service. 6d.)

* * *

Another line which is less simple than it sounds. 18B is a regulation which upsets every thinking man. Left and Right were both shocked at the powers regarded as necessary; and none of us who have any regard for British liberties can help being troubled at the thought that people are kept shut up without trial or even public charge for a prolonged period. The principle is all wrong. Some of us have constantly asked privately and publicly that if trial is impossible, evidence should be published explaining why this long detention is unavoidable. Whenever facts do emerge they seem to confirm the Home Secretary's judgment. But the public is not even aware of the careful and impartial inquiry which has examined each case and which does constitute a safeguard against the worst kinds of injustice. It is to be hoped that the Government will issue a White Paper.

* * *

Every day brings news of the ruin both sides are bringing to the buildings of Italy. Among them are priceless things which the architects and archaeologists will lament in vain when the war is over. Much could be done to-day, if anyone had the authority to do it, to shore up damaged monuments still capable of repair, and to carry portable treasures out of harm's way. The Calabrian cities are not of great artistic importance, but from Rome northwards almost every town is packed with treasures. I am glad to hear that an American archaeologist who happened to be serving as an officer of Amgot has been able to do good work in Sicily. But the field is too big for one man to cover. I would like to back the demand that British experts on art and archaeology be sent out at once to save what can be saved in Italy. Economy is not a sufficient excuse.

* * *

It is good news that Herriot may yet live to read his obituary notice in this and other journals. The Nazis, I gather, have recently taken to starting such circumstantial rumours of the deaths of well-known European figures. Mandel's death has been announced more than once in the last six months. Similarly Mme. Kollontai, the Soviet's Ambassador to Sweden, made some remarks the other day about relations between her country and the democracies. The following day German circles were circulating a story that she had died. Do they hope to get some insight into Allied plans from public reaction to the deaths of these prominent people? I suppose someone might blurt out something useful in commenting on the sad news? Anyway, if Herriot still lives our reaction is one of pleasure, and the Nazis can make what they like of it.

* * *

Mussolini, the story goes, really escaped to America, and was taken on by the political warfare department of the Office of War Information. His broadcasts to Italy were considered excellent. Unfortunately he lost the job because the Dies Committee discovered on investigation that he had had associations with Communism in earlier days.

Another story going round is that the Italian Government (in which Roatta and Ambrosio, wanted for the murder of Yugoslav villagers, are colleagues of Badoglio) has declared war on Germany and is now indulging in broadcasts bitterly attacking Germany and praising France and other countries for their heroic resistance to the Axis.

The second story is as odd as the first.

* * *

Across the road I have watched with increasing surprise the erection of a huge wooden hoarding covering the side of a house. The timber would have been enough to do some much wanted repairs. For many days workmen have sat on scaffolding and painted by hand a design that turned out to be, not, as one first thought, some announcement of great moment to the nation, but of a patent medicine. Another uncomfortable earnest of things to come—is there, then, labour and materials to spare? I thought there was still a war on, and that the public, if there is any slack still not drawn in tight, lacked houses and indeed many other urgent necessities.

* * *

A friend makes the following neat comment on Moscow's rediscovery of the social value of religion.

The Church Episcopalian
Proclaims with joy profound
That Moscow's Metropolitan
Has come from underground.

Religion, which some spirits stirs,
Is opium to some—
Moscow's ten thousand worshippers
Still like their opium.

They welcome back the Patriarchate
And here's the reason why—
Religion in the Soviet State
Has been in short supply.

Critic

## THIS ENGLAND

**A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to D. Gough.**

**Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.**

Dr. T. H. Sanderson-Wells, Food Education Society chairman, told in London yesterday of a perfectly balanced chemical meal, containing all the necessary vitamins, which was fed to a number of rats. They all died.—*Daily Mail.*

To the magistrates the father said: "It is my car, and I allowed it to be used to take the couple to Havant railway station.

"I had them married on the footing of breeding young farmers. I say that this is using petrol for farming purposes."—*Portsmouth Evening News.*

A woman who has become a mother should never come into public life. All mothers become, if not completely crackers, at least mentally unbalanced.—*Answer to a question about women in Parliament, put to the Brains Trust.*

# GIFTS OF GOD

A MYSTERIOUS new society has come to life. It bears an impressive title: the Council of Seven. But its members are not archangels, sages, or champions of Christendom; they describe themselves as "ordinary people who are anxious to disseminate . . . ideas." The Council claims—with what degree of justice will be more apparent later—to be "entirely non-political and non-sectarian." It is stated to have no formal constitution at present, which is strange, because it is already very actively pursuing a not inconsiderable "ambition to approach all existing women's organisations, educationalists, doctors, etc., with a view to making the individual more fully equipped to think fundamentally about the values of family, home, personal responsibility and wise citizenship."

The honorary organiser of the society is a lady who signs herself Dorothy Paterson (Mrs. William Paterson). Her private address, according to a recent circular letter, is 15 Stanhope Terrace, W.2, and that of the Council's headquarters is 34 Sussex Place, W.2. But although Mrs. Paterson's identity is thus clearly established, and even obligingly cross-checked, the names of the rest of the Seven are kept secret. They appear neither on the society's notepaper, nor on any of its literature that has so far come my way. "We are working privately and do not seek general publicity," writes Mrs. Paterson. This seems a curious way to set about influencing public opinion in regard to fundamental issues. The greatest ideas must lack force, if their authors fail openly to acknowledge them. Her next sentence, however, is more encouraging: "When the opportune moment arrives we hope to branch out more actively." But why, meanwhile, the mystery?

I am one of those who believe that truth best flourishes in the light of day, and that in a free country secrecy both unnecessary and unhealthy. Those who seek to instruct public opinion should speak their minds openly. One is justified in asking the question: who are the Seven, and what precisely is their aim?

If the first point is still unanswered, the second is less obscure. "Our concern," writes Mrs. Paterson, "is that the status of woman, as a wife, mother and home-maker, should be raised to a significance of equal importance to that of her business and professional sister." So far, so good; but mark what follows. "We are deeply conscious of all that the earlier women's movement achieved for women and recognise that it gained for them political freedom. We feel, however, that the extreme feminist view which preaches antagonism as such to man and advocates strident competition with him, does not fit the day and hour and is not representative of the best and sanest quality of thought among women." Is there a hint here of a plan to "raise" the status of some women by a dubious building process undermining that of others?

The society's pamphlets express alarm "lest *the British home be demoralised and destroyed* . . . As for the dangers which beset the home, perhaps the greatest is the tendency of the woman in all walks of life to forgo her duties and privileges in favour of external pursuits." (*Cherchez* Bevin!)

Stripped of its eloquence (which may be thought hardly less moving than that by which German women were persuaded to accept a social, political and economic status approximating to that of domestic cattle), the message of the Seven can perhaps be interpreted as: Let us be content to be squaws. Freedom? Peace? Social security? Political moonshine! Strife and slaughter and woe are humanity's inevitable fate. As for helping to build a real democracy where women may take their place naturally on a level with the men—what absurdity! Let us make the best of a bad world, and dress up our futility in dreams. Mrs. Paterson, I'm sure, does not realise in what direction her ideas are leading. She should read a brilliant book, *The Psychology of Fascism*, in which Mr. Peter Nathan points out that anti-feminism is one of the most essential and significant characteristics of Fascism. Anybody therefore who preaches anti-feminism risks having his propaganda used for a purpose of which he would disapprove.

Mrs. Paterson's views may easily be shared by those who would like to resume life after the war just where it left off on the 3rd of September, 1939. But why form a secret society about it? The true revivalist element is light, not darkness. If this movement is to grow, the Council must lead it openly. And then, if I am not mistaken, the fur will fly! For there is no lack of women whose ideals and acts directly contradict the teaching of the seven submissive visionaries. Such women will attack their doctrine mercilessly as soon as they emerge from their present hiding. One's thoughts turn confidently toward a famous woman-publicist. (By a coincidence her name, too, is Dorothy.)

Who has not heard of Dorothy Crisp, inspiration to millions of *Sunday Dispatch* readers? In her case, emulation of men in the professions has proved anything but a sterile and exhausting rivalry. Does she lack vigour, resource or influence? Far from it. Rather, she personifies resolute, militant womanhood. Week by week this gifted leader of opinion grapples with world problems and plainly states her mind—if need be, in italics or bold capitals. It is hardly too much to say that she achieves a creative result that influences the lives of all who come within her circulation. Mrs. Paterson might accuse her of a tendency to forgo duties and privileges in favour of external pursuits, and notably British Imperialism. Dorothy Crisp would retort that those who were not Imperialist caused the war. "Failing to be Imperialist, they inevitably became imperillist; funking ordering, they flung the world into chaos." (*Sunday Dispatch*—21.2.43.) She might also repeat that "the Peace Ballot marked, beyond question, the sloppiest sentimentality of all time; but the people in our heavily bombed areas . . . are keenly aware of the essential and eternal brutality of life." (Ibid.) Alas for argosies in days of peace!

Principalities and powers have no terrors for Dorothy Crisp, and in her dealings with men, no matter how exalted, she is fearless. Consider this rebuke to Mr. Wendell Willkie, for daring to criticise some aspects of British Imperialism. "We can suit our manners to our company, and if necessary plainly state that we are not fighting a German dictator in Europe only to collapse before the pronouncements of a German descended individual of dictatorial—if not dictator—complex in America." (3.1.43.) And this, most justly merited, to Colonel McCormick, of the *Chicago Tribune*: "*We require from all, be they friend or foe, that profound respect which is the due of the British Empire. And if we do not receive it, we shall exact it.*" (25.4.43.) And this proud warning to aliens everywhere: ". . . there is only one answer to the foreigner who has the reckless audacity to criticise the British Empire: "'Who are you shoving?' said the elephant to the flea." (1.8.43.)

This patriotic Englishwoman has little enthusiasm for some peoples of other lands. Writing of the future starvation problem in post-war Furope, she warns us: "Nor must we be too far denuded of food or of goods for the benefit of Europe, who brought this horror on herself—and on us. . . . The magnificent Greeks. . . . and the Poles, who always make up in valour what they lack in political adroitness, may need much help. But the Dutch, the Belgians and the French, of whose record the less said the better, have their own considerable funds, and can certainly arrange their own food purchases and stores, in so far as they can be arranged, if they are encouraged to do so. And the enemy countries can wait. Those who object to this last suggestion must read the Parable of the Wise Virgins—and cease objecting." (15.8.43.) As for Germans, she insists that ". . . above all it must be remembered that the whole of Germany is blood-guilty." (24.1.43.)

Members of Parliament, and even more distinguished persons also receive their share of castigation. ". . . they even tell us such preposterous and dangerous lies as that 'we are fighting for a better world'; 'fighting for freedom from want'; fighting, in fact, for anything that happens to be their pet and personal, but marvellously vague, political slogan. *It would be equally true to say that we deliberately went to war to have the Derby run twice a week.*" (23.7.43. Let Mr. Roosevelt pay attention.

Private property is sacred in her eyes, but social security is elegantly dismissed as an emasculated fad. In support of the former she quotes William Blackstone, Solicitor-General to the Queen in the reign of George III—a somewhat infelicitous choice because, as Bentham and Priestley were later to point out, Judge Blackstone failed to distinguish clearly between the laws of God, the laws of Nature and the laws of England. "To interfere with private property is to cut directly at the maintenance of the family." (16 5.43.) But what about families who have little or no property? Dorothy Crisp's writings remind one of a certain very wealthy titled lady's apt definition of the Beveridge Report. "Oh," she remarked, "you mean the Slacker's Charter?" Contemptuous of majority rule she believes in the need for a patrician ruling class. (9.5.43.)

Lest the title of this article should appear irrelevant, I take leave to remind the reader that the name Dorothy signifies Gift of God. We have reason, therefore, to be duly thankful for two notable additions to our already manifold blessings. Dorothy the Meek pleads with her sex to save the world through domesticity. Imperial Dorothy, on the other hand, appears to see in a militant British Empire the salvation of the human race. Both arguments puzzle me. Both seek to secure *our* welfare, yet each implies an odd conception of freedom. God moves, indeed, in a mysterious way. But here is the most perplexing fact of all: Dorothy (Mrs. William) Paterson and Dorothy Crisp are the same person. Snow-White and Valkyrie are one!

Can anyone, men included, add *that* up?

"ANDREA"

# DOCTORS AND BEVERIDGE

THERE are a few thousands of our population whose only possible reaction to proposals for change is fear, and fear was the predominant note in the recent conference of the British Medical Association. In some cases it was real fear of what may happen; in others, hysterically induced reaction to fantastic descriptions of changes which no one has proposed. Having by their manoeuvres behind the scenes compelled a delay in the publication of the Government's proposals, the B.M.A. found themselves discussing what had been described as "General Principles" which should apply to the medical services, but which were really arguments against what they imagine the White Paper will contain.

Although nearly fifty doctors met the Minister of Health in confidential discussions, and although B.M.A. members and officials had revealed their own version of parts of what the Minister had presented to them, the delegates to the annual meeting, and members generally throughout the country, are still without any clear view of the possible alternatives.

The officials fear that the history of 1912 will be repeated. Then, the profession opposed the introduction of National Health Insurance. Meetings of protest were held everywhere. The new proposals, it was claimed, would ruin nearly all doctors, and medical science would be held up for a quarter of a century. Resolutions that no doctor would engage in panel practice were passed almost unanimously by B.M.A. branches everywhere; and as unanimously forgotten when Lloyd George persisted and introduced the new system on the arranged date. There are still in the B.M.A. many who remember what happened then.

The chief fear of the doctors is that a whole-time salaried service will be introduced. Already many thousands of doctors are employed on such a basis and find it a perfectly satisfactory method. The majority of general practitioners having regard to the number of salaried specialists employed at hospitals, can see little objection to the employment of all consultants as salaried officers. Consultants, especially in the Harley Street area, which exerts in this matter an undue pressure, are determined not to become salaried officers, though they believe that a general practitioner service run from health centres would be a great advance even if the G.P.'s had to work on a full-time basis. The kernel of this position is, of course, financial, and it is the consultants who are swaying the profession against a salaried service. It is easy to show that the average G.P. would have a better standard of living on a whole-time basis than to-day; but no national health service, available for all, can, or would, pay to any specialist the high income which can be earned by a few under competitive conditions. Indeed, there is no reason except custom, why there should be any marked divergence of income, between the good G.P. who does a hard and difficult job, and the surgeon, who, in an organised service, would still have his spectacular successes, but would not necessarily work harder or longer than any of his colleagues.

When, and if, the Minister of Health publishes his salary proposals, and especially if he reaches the stage of offering a contract to every doctor in exact terms, and which can be signed privately, the great majority of doctors, and practically all the younger men, especially those in the forces who have no practices, will accept. Two sets of figures recently published showed that very few doctors would expect to get more than £1,500 a year net, a figure well within the estimate for the total cost of the health services by Sir William Beveridge and others.

The doctors do not say they are afraid of low salaries, but crystallise that fear in the positive statement that "it is not in the public interest, that the State should convert the medical profession into a salaried branch of local or central government." This is no argument, and there are thousands of doctors who believe that it would be in the public interest if all doctors were salaried officers. From the public point of view, the advantages are so great and so obvious, that the Labour Party's proposals for such a service are received everywhere with enthusiasm. The chief advantages would be that family doctors would cease to work in isolation; that co-operation instead of competition would be possible; that the scope of free choice would be enlarged and guaranteed; and that a "family doctor" would at last become a possibility for the majority of people.

The B.M.A. had much to say about free choice. The Minister of Health had answered them on this subject in a speech a week previously, so that the discussions lacked reality, but a variety of motions on the matter were passed. To such an extent has "free choice" become the slogan of those who want to preserve as much free competition among doctors as possible, that the real arguments in its favour are rarely discussed. It is clear, however, that so limited is free choice to-day, that only in a health centre service where questions of fees do not arise, can a genuine free choice be guaranteed. Even more important is the possibility that, apart from emergencies, such a system can give a family an opportunity to select and retain for each member the service of the same doctor.

On one point especially the reactionaries were determined to force some sort of decision; the question of whether the service should be for the whole or a part of the population. The word "patient" and "medical needs" hardly came into the picture. "It is undesirable" moved one representative, "that the State should provide a service for those willing and able to pay for it." Fortunately, someone remembered that last year the B.M.A. decided that it was desirable that a service should be provided for the whole population, and, by its own rules, cannot reverse its views before two years have passed. So it was argued by a four to one majority, that "a comprehensive national health service should be available to all, but that it is unnecessary for the State to provide it for those willing and able to pay for it."

It was on that financial note that the conference ended. Altruism and desire for service had ominously reared their unwelcome heads, but the need for some method of allowing some doctors to make extra fees whenever possible was too strong for them. The most sinister motion was one claiming that any doctor, even if employed by the national service, should be permitted to accept a fee from any patient, even if the service covered the whole population. Divide the country into rich and poor seemed the main thought, and let us give to the latter what service we must, but leave us to take from the former what fees we can. The profession, if it persists in such an attitude, will so damage its collective standing in the eyes of the public, that it will, as after 1912, take ten years for confidence in it to be restored.

D. Stark Murray

## PLAYING BALL

"*General Badoglio is playing ball with the Allies.*"—Reuter. *Evening News.*

It was raspberries, raspberries all the way,
When Badoglio joined in the game of ball;
You can trust a general for good clean play,
But the patriots' hopes begin to fall—
If the Allies pardon who will repay?

Ex-enemy players, tried and true,
Victor, Roatta, Badoglio,
They come and are welcome—but not a few
Who never played with the common foe
Ask, Why not Keitel and Göring too?

Pillars and props of the old regime,
Does their present aid make a future claim?
What then? Need the Allies be too extreme?
If the Captain's willing to play the game
It's an awkward matter to shoot the team.

The ball game calls for a sportsman's truce
If those who play by the rules abide;
Timely turncoats may have their use;
If they turn in time to the winning side
They need not stew in the Fascist juice.

And what can the people ask for more?
Would they fight it out to the bitter end
If the victors are ready to wipe the score
By playing ball with a Fascist friend?
Bravo, Badoglio! *vive le sport!*

Sagittarius

## THE JAPANESE SPIRIT

Nothing better illustrates the successive phases through which Japanese civilisation has passed than the violently contrasting uses, to-day and in mediæval times, of the expression *Yamato-damashii*, "Japanese spirit." To-day it simply means "morale" in the military sense. The Japanese, conscious that they cannot hope to compete with Allied material war-production, are told by their leaders that they need not despair, for that unique quality, *Yamato-damashii*, will pull them through. But readers of old Japanese literature will remember that in ancient times this expression had a quite different sense. It was used of the peculiar æsthetic endowment of the Japanese, of their quickness in improvising verses, in the impromptu accompaniment of music, in the picking up of dance steps, of their taste in the matching of colours and their subtlety in the blending of perfumes. It was contrasted with the solid background of practice and study that are required to make a technically irreproachable dancer, musician, poet. It is in this sense that the expression is used in that great eleventh-century novel, *The Tale of Genji*. The hero preaches a little sermon to his son, warning him that native quickness of wit, *Yamato-damashii*, though it may enable him to put up a fair showing in the world while he is young, cannot in the long run carry him far unless he provides himself with a groundwork of book-learning. Nowhere in this passage is the slightest suggestion that "the Japanese spirit" has any connection with military virtues.

About a hundred years after this passage was written the whole complexion of Japanese civilisation changed. Uncouth frontier war-lords displaced the exquisitely cultivated Court of the *Genji* period, an ideal of ruthlessness succeeded the cult of sensibility. But the uncultivated conquerors took over, in a rather unconvinced way, some of the æstheticism of their predecessors. They felt it incumbent upon them, even in the midst of their internecine smash-and-grab campaigns, to make poems about flowers and moonlight. This rather mechanical pre-occupation with pretty things has remained with the Japanese, partly as a mere convention, partly as genuine legacy from the astonishing civilisation of the *Genji* period.

Perhaps the most famous literary allusion to *Yamato-damashii* (though here it is called *Yamato-gokoro*, "Japanese heart"), is the often-quoted poem of Motoori, the great nationalist scholar of the eighteenth century:

Should any ask you
What is the heart of Japan,
That land of far-spread islands,
Point to the flowers of the mountain cherry,
Fragrant in the morning sun.

Here the qualities of the "Japanese spirit" are compared to those of cherry-blossom. Whatever else this rather facile image may imply, it certainly does not suggest that to Motoori the word *Yamato-gokoro* had any bellicose connotations. Pugnacity is indeed the opposite of all we associate with cherry-blossom. It was, I suppose, about the time of the Russo-Japanese war that this expression came to mean "fighting spirit." As an example of its use to-day I may quote what was said by a Japanese about some of his compatriots who ran away from London during the Blitz: "I can't understand these fellows. Where is their *Yamato-damashii?*" Arthur Waley

## MY SECRETARY

My name is Usachev—Valentine Gregoriyevitch Usachev. Perhaps you have heard of it. I am a painter. My pictures are often in the exhibitions.

Everyone knows me to be an honest and respectable man. For a long time I had a similar opinion of myself; but lately doubts have arisen in my mind on this point.

"Are you a rogue, Citizen?" I often address this question to the famous artist Usachev, namely myself.

The fact is that amongst us there are still people who, owing to their behaviour, force me to wander away from the path of virtue and happiness.

This began last year. My little daughter Anna was taken ill. She had an abscess in her right ear. Dozens of doctors attended to her, but without any substantial results.

I was advised to see a very prominent medical celebrity. He was a dab-hand at diagnosis where ears were concerned. If he looked at your right ear, he could at once tell you what was wrong with your left one. In other words, if the patient paid him for his visit on the spot, he always felt much better straight away.

I rang up this same celebrity. But it seems that famous men don't usually answer the 'phone themselves. A woman came to the 'phone—probably his wife. In a pleasant well-bred voice she made me conscious of my tactless behaviour. . . . "Of course, he's much too busy," she said. "He couldn't possibly attend to you for some time."

At that moment a friend of mine, Ivan Nikolayevitch, a geologist, came in. I told him all about it. We sat and thought about what we should do to ease Anna's suffering.

Suddenly my geologist friend sprang up and said . . .

"Give me the 'phone number. I'll 'phone him. I don't think he'll refuse me."

"Do you know him?"

"I know as much about him as the Pope of Rome. All the same, one can but try."

I gave him the 'phone number, though I had no hope of any success. I listened to the geologist as he spoke on the 'phone.

" Is that Professor N.'s place ? This is the private secretary to Usachev, the artist, speaking. Valentine Gregoriyevitch is very anxious that the doctor . . . etc., etc."

After a while the geologist hung up the receiver and said : " In just one hour's time, the celebrity will be here."

" Why ? How's that ? "

" The answer's simple—to give medical attention."

" But why ? "

" Don't ask questions. I am sorry to say that the whole thing is simple. There are still many people who have in them remnants of the past and who don't believe in anything unless there's a lot of show attached to it. They bow before titles. They don't appreciate our records, books, pictures, or symphonies, unless there's a splendid title as well. A private secretary is more than a title. Anybody without a private secretary is just a nobody. But someone with one is a big man."

Soon after this, I took my suit to be cleaned. I wandered all over Moscow, but no one would do the job. What was to be done ? So I decided on the following plan. I found out the 'phone number of one of the big cleaners, who had already refused me. I 'phoned them.

" This is the private secretary to Usachev, the artist, speaking. He wants to know whether . . ." I was interrupted : " Certainly, we will attend to your order at once. We promise you every satisfaction."

I took my suit to the cleaners and introduced myself as Usachev's private secretary. They spoke to me in a friendly way and asked me all the details of Usachev's life. They took my order. My secretary began to appear more and more often on the scene. I began to hate and yet at the same time envy my secretary.

" Why," I kept asking myself, " why am I, Usachev, helpless where my private secretary, that is, myself in his image, succeeds ? "

I was received by the District Attorney, I was able to get a ticket for the opera—to force the house-manager to redecorate my rooms—to get a regular newspaper—and all this through my non-existent private secretary !

My secretary never did anything unlawful. I never abused his position but only when something was lawfully due to me and I could not get it, only then did I use that mighty force—the private secretary. It is true that he sometimes had bad luck, when the reply was :

" Tell Comrade Usachev that it can't be done."

But he had his numerous successes, too. I often wonder why.

But excuse me for taking up so much of your time. In any case, I must really be getting home. I live a good way off, on the outskirts, I'll ring up and call a taxi. I'll say :

" Will you send a taxi to such and such an address ? What ? There isn't one ? No, there wouldn't be . . ."

I'll hang up the receiver, and then in a minute I'll 'phone again . . .

" The artist Usachev's secretary speaking. Please send a taxi along to this address . . . At once ! In a quarter of an hour's time ? H'm, all right . . ."

Now you can see what kind of a man my secretary is—to the devil with him !

G. RIKLIN

*This story, translated by Musia Renbourn, appears in* The Crocodile Album, *Pilot Press,* 3*s.* 6*d.*

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## MUSIC

UNDER-REHEARSAL, like the shortage of digestible fats, must, I suppose, be accepted as an inescapable fact of life at the present moment. But the question does arise, whether so perfunctory a performance of a Mozart concerto as that heard at the concert of the Boyd Neel Orchestra on October 5th is really worth while. Miss Kathleen Long, usually so neat a pianist, on this occasion played the little A major Concerto (K414) in a very slapdash manner ; there was little or no dynamic variation from a flat mezzo-forte in the orchestra ; the brass was consistently too heavy (absurdly so in the opening *ritornello*) ; and the andante was taken so fast as to spoil the poetry of that lovely movement. The rest of the music in the programme fared much better. Handel's *Faramondo* overture was given the breadth and richness it demands ; and the novelty—Hans Gal's Concerto for Piano and Strings—was far from disagreeable. If I say that this is musicologist's music, I intend no disparagement but rather an indication of the composer's taste and discernment in the manipulation of various styles, to produce a brief and pleasant musical entertainment. It is possible to fall far below this in pursuit of a higher aim ; but Dr. Gal evidently knows his scope. The performance of Britten's *Les Illuminations* was certainly the best we have had, as far as singing goes : I have seldom heard Mr. Pears in better voice. And the orchestral part, if it had not quite the polish of Mr. Walter Goehr's rendering, profited in sheer vitality and " punch " from the composer's own conducting.

A gratifyingly large audience gathered in the Wigmore Hall to hear a recital from Noel Mewton-Wood. This young pianist makes steady progress. His powerful hands were always at the service of a remarkable technical equipment. Such advantages may go with youth ; it is rarer to find them controlled by a genuine musical intellect and a sense of poetry. It is these last qualities in especial which lead me to regard Mewton-Wood as a potentially great executant. With the exception of Clifford Curzon no pianist now in England can state a melody with such perfect expression—such attention to the value of each phrase in relation to the whole. It is this fine sense of form which made his playing of the development section in the first movement of Schubert's great A major Sonata so satisfying. Passages like this are difficult to manage, because they must lead forward as well as look back ; they are " music about music " and in that sense critical ; they are also the acid test of a performer. Mewton-Wood withstands this kind of test peculiarly well because his intellectual grasp of the work prevents any sentimental love of sound from dwelling on sequences that should be fleet. But a fine musical conscience is always in danger from the risk of pedantry, and I cannot believe a pianist does well to observe the repeat in the first movement of a Schubert Sonata—especially this one, which is far-flung enough without that. In the event, too much was made of a good thing. Schumann's *Humoresque*, which followed, is too seldom heard, for it is at least as fascinating as the *Kreisleriana*. But here the pianist, who understands Schumann in many ways so beautifully, committed one grave error : he took all the *vivace* sections at such breakneck speed that the music disappeared altogether in a tangle as reckless as curly hair seized by a gale. There was no need for this : we know from his Concerto playing that Mewton-Wood can manage speed ; but no music that contains as many notes as this can or should be taken so fast. In the counterpoint of Purcell's superb *Toccata* no such mistake was made ; it was an admirable example of the way in which several voices can be extricated by the even sensitiveness of really powerful fingers. And in that exceptional piece of pianistic writing, Debussy's *Pour le Piano*, the same sensitiveness and power produced a romantic beauty of colour that showed Mewton-Wood's remarkable grasp of the impressionist style. One suffers too constantly from pianists who apply the same method to all kinds of music indiscriminately not to react gratefully to a sense of style.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

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for U boats
out on the Atlantic.
Under the same stars
Mum is on the
watch for fire bombs
down our street.
Dick is in Commandos
spraying with his
Tommy gun but you
should see father
on his stirrup pump.
Mr. Smith's a warden,
Jones is N.F.S.
Brown is an authority
on decontamination.
Robinson is ambulance,
marvellous with splints.
Mrs. R. is ready
with bandages and lints.
When the walls
are falling
and the windows blaze
then you see
some action
down our street.
Fire engines roaring—
quick the hoses out—
under debris
crawling to get
the stricken out.
And where the fight is
thickest—look !
the canteen van . . .
Women
cool as cucumbers
serving cups of tea!
Goering brought
the blitzkrieg to
their firesides
but he couldn't
break 'em :
now he never will.
Everybody's in it
down our street—
because everybody
knows that
everybody's needed
—Down our street.

* * * *

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## THE MOVIES

### "Lone White Sail," at the Tatler

### "Millions Like Us," at the Gaumont

The films that have conveyed anything of childhood can be counted on one hand. *Emil and the Detectives* and *Poil de Carotte*, in the realms of fantasy and of realism, register a highwater mark which few others have approached; and to these, seeing it at the Tatler for the first time, I would now add *Lone White Sail.* The heroes of this enchanting film, which dates back to a time when the Russians were not pre-occupied with social realism, are two small boys whose liveliness is a delight to watch. One is the freckly pug-faced son of a fisherman; the other a schoolmaster's son, is daintier, more timid, but no less eager for adventure. And the adventures are real: it's just after the Potemkin incident, and down the river came sailors trying to track their way back through the cordon and into Odessa. Vivid scenes of a river steamer and a local fair; the police and the military comb the neighbourhood for a rebel leader who is lying low. The boys running across one another in the street, playing at games of "buttons" (a sort of marbles), clambering over rocks on the shore, find themselves caught up in the wilder excitement of big events. There is a battle between soldiery and rebels in which, like mice running between the lion's jaws, they play a part, and the film ends with a prison escape and the boys watching the white sail of a boat dwindling in the distance. A touch of sinister fantasy is given to these adventures of real life by the jack-in-the-box figure of the plain-clothes detective—a character owing something to the villain pursued by Emil. But this is a film that makes its own appeal.

It is agreeable to be able to praise an English film that sets out to achieve the common touch. *Millions Like Us* begins with seaside crowds before the war, and a family going off on holiday, and we follow the adventures of the family in wartime. The lights go down. Dad has to look after himself and work in the Home Guard as well; one daughter goes for a Waaf, another for factory-worker. Most of, the film is about the factory-worker (Patricia Roc) and we are given a convincing picture of the new type of communal life, with an endearing touch of sentiment. The awkward love-making of the girl and her R.A.F. boy (Gordon Jackson) is beautifully done, and his death shortly after marriage is simply accepted and the more moving for that. *Millions Like Us* is a modest film one can't help enjoying. Eric Portman gives a characteristically solid performance as a foreman, and Radford and Wayne make a brief but irresistible appearance.

William Whitebait

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

### "The Spirit of France," at Selfridge's

### Nudes at the Leger Gallery

### Civil Defence Artists at the Cooling Galleries

A nostalgia, composed of happy memories and melancholy and hope, will be felt by every lover of France who visits the remarkably well-arranged exhibition at Selfridge's. The distinctive beauties of French landscape and architecture, the amenities of daily life in France, the triumphs of French intelligence, are here presented in well-chosen photographs and in some highly sympathetic drawings by Jean Oberlé. A set of dolls in the costumes of the various provinces are made with all the elegance peculiar to France. The exhibition does not neglect the great contributions still being made by France to the Allied cause, both through the armed forces of the Empire and through resistance in the occupied mother-country. There is also a bookstall at which French books, otherwise unobtainable, can be purchased.

The Leger Gallery's exhibition of Nudes gives a fair cross-section of contemporary English painting and drawing. Among the less known artists Mr. William Scott distinguishes himself by a picture that can reasonably be described as masterly.

The 14th exhibition of the Civil Defence Artists is the best that this valuable organisation has yet achieved. Apart from the regular exhibitors, there is interesting work by Sydney Dukes, Hannah Gobert, Hyman Webber, L. Petley Jones, Charles Dunn, W. Kemsley and Clifford Rowe.

# Correspondence

## EMPIRE POLICY

Sir,—"The shining example is South Africa itself"—one rubbed one's eyes at these words in Herbert Morrison's speech on the Empire last week. Mr. Morrison was expounding some striking instances of political progress in the Empire during the last thirty or forty years. Not content with pointing to the shining example of South Africa, he brought in another "shining example"—Southern Rhodesia—and went on to explain that in other territories where political progress had lagged, it was because "you cannot have self-government where there is no community." Is Mr. Morrison entirely ignorant of the situation in South Africa and Southern Rhodesia? Does he suggest that there is "community" in these territories? In South Africa self-government has meant that two million white people dominate a country of ten million, while eight million "natives" have been deprived of the most fundamental human, political and economic rights. In Southern Rhodesia "self-government" has meant that fifty thousand Europeans control a country containing one and a quarter million Africans. These Africans are segregated, deprived of political representation, and discriminated against in every possible way. Every declaration on colonial policy by the British Labour Party has deprecated the segregation policy and the colour bar which reign in these territories of South Africa. To have Mr. Morrison refer to them now as "shining examples" is almost too much. Not only that, Mr. Morrison has allowed himself the astounding statement that "every community in the Empire capable of exercising self-government has had it." What will the people of Trinidad, British Guiana, Mauritius, Cyprus, the Gold Coast, say to that? Will they accept Mr. Morrison's assurance that they have got all they deserve in the control of their own destinies and allow him to judge when they are "capable" of having a bit more? As a good socialist, Mr. Morrison deprecates the activities of great commercial corporations in the Colonies—he puts them on the same level as "the activities of their opposite numbers in Britain." This misses the mark entirely. It ignores the very real differences between the checks and controls which can be exercised inside a democratic society and the absence of all popular controls in a bureaucratically-run colony. The colonial peoples have no defence at all against the manoeuvres of trading combines and foreign capitalists of all sorts. And there is the further point that to colonial peoples these capitalists are *foreign*; they draw a substantial part of the wealth of the country away to their own homelands and the colonies are too often left with the crumbs from the rich man's table. Ir would be better if leading politicians would inform themselves before pronouncing on specialised subjects, if they are to be helpful to the hard and detailed work of the movement to which they belong. Nor is Mr. Morrison's vision of empire likely to impress, as it was intended to do, any American who knows the facts.

Fabian Colonial Bureau,
1 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

Rita Hinden

## THIS PAPER BUSINESS

Sir,—The paper shortage prevents me from obtaining a copy of The New Statesman and Nation regularly each week, and when I do see it, it is usually several days old. I have only just obtained the issue dated September 11th, and in these circumstances, I should, I suppose, welcome Critic's comment about the consumption of paper by the War Office. I am moreover, the Commanding Officer of an Army unit, and I live all day amid small pools from this vast sea of paper. I am also a "civilian" soldier—I entered

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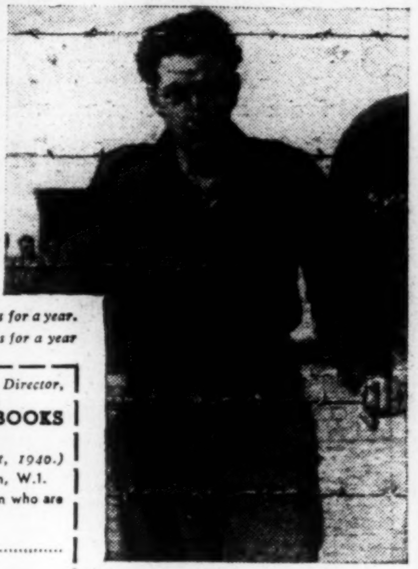

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the Army direct from civilian life in 1939, and with no Army tradition behind me.

In point of fact, however, I want to join issue with Critic. "Having a smack" at the War Office, especially about paper consumption is generally considered to be legitimate and justifiable—and the War House never answers back anyway. After some 3½ years' service in various capacities, I have, starting as a sceptical civilian, formed a very high opinion of the Army as an organisation. I find in the Army, of course, the usual proportion of stupid, narrow and fatuous people. It would be miraculous if it were otherwise. I do *not* find the proportion to be any greater in the Army than in civil life—even among the "Regulars."

My tray fills up with files, documents, memoranda, bulletins, regulations, A.C.I.'s, W.O. letters and so on. I am tempted to curse the War Office and its "paper mania" and who would blame me if I did? In fact, after a lot of careful consideration I have come to the firm conclusion that the War Office is, if anything, over-economical in its use of paper.

We in the Army are in it 24 hours every day, 365 days a year. The Army feeds, clothes, equips and trains us. It attends to our minds (A.B.C.A., etc.), to our health, religious beliefs, recreations, family affairs (Personal Welfare and Allowances), to our legal and moral troubles, in fact to everything about us. No civilian organisation or Government Department, other than those concerned with the Fighting Services, has got to undertake such a vast and comprehensive responsibility. Can anyone suggest a means of looking after 2–3,000,000 men and women, 500,000 different items of equipment (catalogues, stock records and so on) without using quite a lot of paper in the process? If they can, the War Office (and I) will be only too delighted to hear about the scheme.

I am flooded with little pamphlets—Training Memoranda and so on—I start to read them with resignation—part of my job—in two minutes I am enthralled and find that in practically all of them there is more sound commonsense and hard clear thinking than I find in many of the books published nowadays. I might even say that I have found, on occasion, more clear logical thought and shrewd knowledge of men and affairs in one sentence of a memorandum from the C.-in-C. than appears (now and then) in whole paragraphs of the *N.S. & N.*

We are all fools occasionally; some of us are fools all the time. The War Office inevitably gets to hear about manifestations of our ineradicable human fallibility, and quite sensibly says "One B.F. has done this, others may also. We had better try to stop them." Ergo new A.C.I. or regulation—and more paper. A very large proportion of the thousands of A.C.I.'s which appear each year are attempts to stop us all doing something silly which somebody somewhere has already done. Purge the Army of fools and the War Office could save at least the odd 149 tons out of the 25,149, possibly more. Can anyone suggest how the purge is to be done? Are civilians less stupid?

Every soldier has to have a pay book, his wife, if he has one, an allowance book. He must also have a medical history sheet, a dental card, a conduct sheet and so on. Necessary? I think so—but still a nuisance to me since I have to see that they are accurately kept. They account for a lot of paper.

I do not deny that *some* of the 25,149 tons may be wasted, that a lot of forms could be eliminated (the Army tries desperately to force reductions in the fast-breeding plague of "local pro-formas," as well as "unnecessary returns"), but most of the waste is due, not to the Army or the War Office as such, only to the collection of fallible and often stupid human beings who are doing their best, according to their lights to help win the war—on paper.

L. E. BALL, Lt.-Colonel, R.A.O.C.

## LOW AND THE "SUNDAY TIMES"

SIR,—As a prize specimen I offer you the leading article in this week's *Sunday Times*. The subject is a cartoon by Low, which depicts three plutocrats sitting in a car. One of them is saying: "Planning would sap enterprise and initiative. It weakens self-reliance and self-respect. We must conserve the best qualities of the British people! Back to the good old days!" The picture is completed by a long line of unemployed in the background.

The *Sunday Times* calls this cartoon "a wicked incitement to class-hatred." It asks "who are the originals of Low's plutocrats," and "who among living men talk the senseless stuff he puts into their mouths," remarking cautiously that "there may be a few stupid creatures who do, but Low wouldn't waste his art on them!" It states that the meaning of the cartoon is "that the three men in the car are representatives of a class . . . which welcomes unemployment and poverty and hunger" and that "no such class exists."

First of all, this class-hatred stuff appears to mean that anybody who points out that social injustice exists, and that there are people whose interest it is to preserve that state of affairs, is doing a spot of wicked inciting. Certainly this interpretation is supported by two recent articles by the Marquess of Crewe which appeared in the two previous issues of the *Sunday Times*. These defend social injustice by the proposition that since everyone isn't equally lucky, what's the use of giving everybody an equal chance?

As to the people who talk like Low's plutocrats, I am sure that Sir Ernest Benn, for one, would agree heartily with every word he uttered, though perhaps with older and better days in mind than those immediately before the war. I do not know whether the *Sunday Times* classes Sir Ernest among the "few stupid creatures" not worth wasting art on, but certainly the Tory press has recently published a number of articles by that gentleman—all of them the quintessence of Blimpery, and all of them given a prominent position. I believe that an extract from one of these has adorned "This England" column.

Finally, the statement that no class exists which welcomes unemployment and poverty and hunger may be true, but I am sure that this is a distortion of Low's meaning. The class does exist which will unhesitatingly throw men out of work rather than lose capital or dividend; the class does exist which in time of scarcity will destroy material wealth rather than dispose of it at a loss; the class still exists which before the war would compel a man to the humiliation of proving himself destitute before it would save him from starvation. And it is this class which is now seeking to discredit all those who make for progress in this country, leaving the field clear for a return to those days which we hope to have left behind for ever.

J. W. CORNFORTH

## THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS WRONG

SIR,—Your contributor on the subject of the customer in wartime has given a highly coloured account of the position, which ought to be corrected.

Shopkeepers and shop assistants, just like their customers, are infinite in variety and no doubt there are bad examples of each. It is not true to say that amiability has almost disappeared from the shops, or that customers are generally badly treated. This is easily disproved by everyday experience.

Shopkeepers are human and with the best will in the world are liable to be occasionally unjust or short-tempered, especially under the stress of wartime conditions. It is important to bear in mind that they are unaccustomed to their unexpected position of power and untrained in the responsibilities of power. We must not forget that in so-called normal times the customer was the dominating party and he was by no means always fair or considerate to the shopkeeper.

A favourable market for the seller or buyer of consumers' goods or services inevitably gives rise to a certain amount of abuse of power by the party who happens to exercise it for the time being. Human nature being what it is, we should aim at a more evenly balanced market to reduce abuse to a minimum. Notwithstanding their present exceptional position of advantage. I contend that shopkeepers as a class have behaved with more than average decency and Mr. Rolph has unjustly maligned them.

I. DRAZIN

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## JEWISH CHILDREN

Sir,—Professor Laski's description of the Jewish ildren arriving in Palestine after months of travel rough the U.S.S.R. fills the heart not only with mpathy but with indignation. Who was responsible r prolonging the sufferings of these children? aving reached the haven of the U.S.S.R., why did ey go on to a country where they must meet further stility? In the U.S.S.R. there is, of course, no ti-Semitism, and there are great underpopulated aces. Since immigration into Palestine is severely mited, should not all places on the quota be reserved r Jews coming from countries where they are ppressed?

L. A. Low

## ACTOR AND CRITIC

Sir,—There has been a good deal of truth and a lot nonsense written on the above subject, but the limit regards the latter is Mr. Anthony West's observation last week's issue that "In England the provincial eatre and the provincial audience are as dead as utton."

Mr. West may know his West End but, obviously, e has never heard of Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, lasgow, Edinburgh and lots of other towns, including lackpool.

If he lived in Blackpool, for example, he would e practically every West End star of note, almost ery London success with its original cast and, ually, ahead of London, with first nights a frequent ature and with audiences as intelligent, as discriminating and as alive as any he can find in the West nd.

Some of your other contributors' rude remarks about ovincial critics are equally wide of the mark.

Londoners may despise the rest of us—but they ight try to be fair. Harford Willson

## CHRISTIANITY IN SCHOOLS

Sir,—For the ordinary layman it is not easy to escribe the exact relationship between the teachings of hrist as revealed in the Bible, and "a considered ecision that the forces of evil at present working in the orld will win a permanent victory unless they are quidated by every means at our disposal." What are ese "forces of evil," and who are we to determine em except in ourselves? The "considered decision" the public school boy has led him at times, and may d him times again, to see the "forces of evil," not ly in Germans and Japs, but also in Communists, cialists, Trade Unionists, even in Democrats. Is t a surer guide for the public school boy: "Love thy ighbour as thyself"?

Barbara Drake

## RELIGION IN STATE SCHOOLS

Sir,—God forbid that I should impute silliness to Sir Percival Sharp or Sir Richard Gregory, whoever those gentlemen may be. My interest was entirely in Dr. Stopes.

She wrote: "Of the number of juvenile delinquents . . . . 45.5 per thousand [were] from Roman Catholic Schools."

It now appears that she meant: "Of the children attending Roman Catholic schools 45.5 per thousand were delinquents." These two statements are so plainly and profoundly different that they might well serve as an intelligence test in elementary training. Ladies who fail in the test must not expect their advice on education to be taken with deadly seriousness. But Dr. Stopes is a lecturer on Palaeobotany at the University of Manchester and has attained a lucrative, if humble, position in the world of letters. It was therefore kind to assume, as I did, that when she wrote so foolishly, she was painfully over-excited. The same agitation seems to have affected her latest letter. What does she mean by "money out of Protestant pockets"? Does she believe that Catholics are exempt from taxation? (If she does, I can quite understand her feeling peevish about us). Or does she conceive of some refinery at the Exchequer through which my money passes purged of its popish origins, while hers retains a Protestant stamp making it unsuitable for use except in aid of her own sect? And in that case what of her ally "Medical Psychologist"? It is his simple belief that Christian instruction of every sort engenders wrong-doing. Must his atheistical money go into the kitty to further Dr. Stope's Protestant purposes or may he earmark it for an Anti-God Sunday School?

"Medical Psychologist" chides me with not having "taken the trouble to inquire" into his statistics. I plead, unashamedly, guilty for I was not brought up to regard the evasion of the police as the prime aim of education, nor has my subsequent observation of the world given me any reason to think that either the wickedest men or even the worst citizens are to be found in prison. The real enemies of society are sitting snug behind typewriters and microphones, pursuing their work of destruction amid popular applause. In the field of moral theology neither novelist, medical psychologist nor palaeobotanist can claim authority. I write as a father who has never wanted and does not care a brass trouser button.

No doubt by bringing my children up Catholics I am putting them in appreciable danger of imprisonment, but they must not reproach me with it. They belong to a Church whose most illustrious figures in any age and country have suffered the extremities of the law. Moreover, sir, a regular perusal of your own pages gives me the impression that, if things go as you wish, by the time they are hardened in crime, gaols will have grown so congenial and the rest of the country so heavy with restraints, that they will have the laugh on their innocent old father whom a Protestant education keeps on the right side of the law. Evelyn Waugh

[In her original letter (September 25th) the figures given by Dr. Stopes for delinquents from Council and Catholic schools left more than 900 out of a thousand unaccounted for. We assume that Dr. Stopes intended to say, not that 45.5 per thousand delinquents came from Roman Catholic schools, but that 45.5 per thousand children from Roman Catholic schools were delinquents.—Ed. *N.S. & N.*]

## HANG THE KAISER

Sir,—Your notes on me seem uncertain about the depth of my sins and of my repentance, though I had thought that in a telephone conversation you found my letter plain and sufficient on both points. Now I try again. First, in my speech I tried to indicate a sort of opinion, and of organ of opinion, by listing papers—*News Chronicle*, *Statesman-Nation*, and I thought I had added *Manchester Guardian*; as reported, I said the *Daily News*, the *Daily Chronicle*, and the *New Statesman*. I do not wish to challenge the reporting, and I very much regret that *Statesman* is in my list and *Nation* is not. Secondly, the three notions—punishing the Kaiser, etc., making Germany pay, and War to End War—all, I think, came from the kind of sources I was trying to indicate, and the actual phrases in each case except Hang the Kaiser: War to End War, 2 Aug. 1914, *Manchester Guardian*; 7 August, H. G. Wells in *Daily Chronicle*; "Germany must pay and pay heavily," 19 Sept. 1914, one of your predecessors in editorship of the *Nation*, Massingham, in the *Daily News*; with reference to the Scarborough bombardment, "War and The Criminal," "The Punishment," Kaiser and Crown Prince "if guilty . . . to be tried," A. G. Gardiner in the *Daily News*.

Thus, I do not date and docket the slogan Hang the Kaiser as from the Left quarters indicated; I very much regret having given any one the impression that this form of words came from one of the papers I mentioned. K. H. Pickthorn

[We gladly leave the personal point for the more interesting historical one. The story is not simple, and it is worth more detailed study. "Hang the Kaiser" was mainly an election slogan, and though many people, including Massingham, said that Germany should pay what she could, it was Geddes and not any progressive paper that talked of "squeezing Germany till the pips squeaked." On the other hand "the war to end war" first came from H. G. Wells and the idealistic Left.—Ed., *N.S. & N.*]

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JONATHAN CAPE

# BOOKS IN GENERAL

One of my happier memories of English as it is taught at school is of an hour in which the master woke us all up by drawing on Archbishop Trench's delightful lectures on words and their derivations.* To reveal that things, especially familiar things, are not what they seem, is a sure way of getting keen attention. I do not know how original Trench was as a philologist, but he was entranced by the strangeness of words. They were more than a passive and well-thumbed coinage to him. Although he was a poet, he felt that words were more than a "fossil poetry" into which the passion and imagination of human beings had been compressed by centuries of use. For him words also revealed the phases of our history and the seasons of our moral sense. A "miscreant" took him back to the Crusades. A "pagan" took him to the Roman country side. "Tribulation" instructed our woes when it was traced to the beating out of the chaff from the wheat in pagan agriculture. As a Victorian Archbishop—he was writing in 1855—Trench was egged on by moral bias which modern etymology does not always confirm ; "saunterer" he held to be a disillusioned reference to the Crusades, to one who had taken his time travelling to the "saintes terres," whereas Webster gives, to my mind, a much more plausible derivation of "il s'aventure." But—who is to be dogmatic when a name as modern as Canada has defeated the scholars ? Or has that problem been solved ?

A very amusing and instructive evening can be spent with the Archbishop. One must, as I say, allow for his moral bias. Writing four years before the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species*, Trench was on the side of the angels and against what he called the orang-outang view of man. The book of Genesis was his beginning and for him, the savage races did not represent stages or fixations in human development, but frightful instances of human failure and decay. The fluctuations of English usage he would willingly attribute to social and political causes ; the characteristics of savage language, on the other hand, indicated spiritual decadence and collapse. The contradiction led him into obvious errors. I am no philologist, but nothing is going to persuade me that the Guarani Indians of Brazil have lost the sense of gratitude because they have no word for "thanks" in their language. The absence of that word may simply indicate either a communal or—less likely—a highly individualist state of society. Where property is common, there can be no gifts and no obligations. I do not know whether the Eskimos—who hold property in common—have a word for thanks ; but it is a fact that the word is far less used among Americans than it is by ourselves. The explanation is entirely sociological and not moral in the absolute Christian sense. To American Archbishops of Trench's complexion our frequent use of the words "thank you" would indicate the rise of sycophancy or a meaningless devotion to dead ritual. Again, we are not likely to think that the common derivation of "labour" and "wicked" is an indication of the intuitive conscience of mankind at work. The happy fruit gatherers of the Garden of Eden would naturally be shocked and socially perturbed by the sweat and success of agriculture. It is not work, but new kinds and methods of work that have always been thought morally reprehensible, as the rise of the machine, and the idea of mass production have shown.

If the moral views of the Archbishop are tedious, his curiosity is not. We have a special reason for looking into the growth and acclimatisation of words to-day, for we do seem to be witnessing one of those crises through which language passes in times of great social change. The work of Joyce was the artist's intuition of the crisis which, put in more cumbersome terms, was forced by the class and technological revolutions of our period. The arrival of Christianity, the collapse of the Roman Empire, the Renaissance, were moments of great fertility for the word makers ; and, in our time, it looks as though the rise of the American vernacular, the new stress on the oral rather than the written word, as seen in broadcasting, and the vast creation of technological terms, as well as the state of world revolution in which we live, are likely to have as great an effect on English, to mention no other tongue, as the Renaissance had. I do not mean that English is any richer for having words like tank, aeroplane or vitamin, for such gains are cancelled out by losses ; the gains to language occur only when there has been a real revolution in consciousness and experience and a new hierarchy of words appears. Yet a language does not become richer by accretion so much as by movement and by shifts of meaning. And indeed a new word has often no status until its original meaning is seriously altered or reversed. Examples of this process are plentiful. One of the best is dunce, from Duns Scotus, the schoolman, the least dunce-like of men. He becomes the symbol of ignorance because of the Renaissance. The new learning made the old unfashionable and stupid. "Lewd" is another notorious example. From Chaucer to Southey the word means simply "of the common herd." More precisely, it means "laymen" as distinct from the priests. The final sexual meaning illustrates a permanent fact of human psychology ; strong or unpleasant sexual traits are always attributed to the underdogs. And when one remembers that the Heard-Huxley appeal for a dedicated intelligentsia involves the idea of an inexpert proletariat consoled by lashings of sexual pleasure one sees a constant pattern in the psychology of language. It is possible to imagine a time when "lowbrow" will be a purely sexual word. We know what has happened to the Bulgarians.

More words seem to sink in the world than to rise. "Bohemian" society derives its name from the severe Hussite sect. Trotskyite is the kind of word that seems ready for a new meaning at once. On the Duns Scotus principle, we might expect Napoleonic to become a synonym for feeble if we change from an individualist to a collectivist society. Already, within our life time, the word "official" is going down. Once it meant "authoritative," but we suspect the authorities and the word has become an irony. The improvements in status have much the same relation to environment. That is surely the reason for the rising stock of words like "diffidence" or "ecstasy." The latter, originally meant madness and owes its final pacification to the rationalism of the eighteenth century and to the growing knowledge of what lunacy is. "Diffidence," which used to mean despair in the time of Bunyan, has quietened down ; it is not a matter of despair now to be without faith ; indeed when the first crude fires of Protestant mysticism had burned out, a certain amount of self-distrust was thought becoming.

"One of the most striking facts about new words," says Trench, "and a very signal testimony of their birth from the bosom of the people, that is, where they are not plainly from the schools, is the difficulty which is so often found in tracing their pedigree." There were two explanations of the origin of "roundhead" in the lifetime of the movement. "Cannibal," "Hugenot" and "lollard" are etymological mysteries. "Caucus" may refer to a political association of caulkers in Boston during the War of Independence, but that is conjecture. "Okay" has defeated the experts.

New words, if they are imposed by the educated, are resisted—chiefly by the rest of the educated. The Victorian fought hard against "pretentious" and in our time I would not like to say that "intriguing" had yet defeated all opposition. Its chances of success are great because it breaks the rules. Nothing succeeds like a slight error. I wonder what is going to happen about the common misuse of "meticulous." Technical words simply invade a language, but it takes a long time for them to mix. They camp rather than settle. Some, like the words used in aviation, look like staying because, like nau language, they describe things which affect of us ; it will not be surprising if the meteorolog words stay, words like "cirrus" or "cumul They have long been established among speciali but now every aircraftman uses them in ordin conversation. In England we prefer the An Saxon circumlocution to the technical word der from Latin, but in America where our languag being violently changed, where it has gone to two extremes of formality and popular invent the synthetic or abstract word is preferred invented. "Mortician" for "undertak "elevator" for "lift" ; and words like "societ are examples. In literary language we prefer pictorial, the accidental, with their life and of logic ; we think "wireless" better than non-visual "radio" and "broadcast" to born-blind "radiocast." The vital Ameri contribution to English is, of course, nacular ; and now that invention is reviv the oral tradition, this new flood of words ha great importance to us.

Trench had nothing to say of the vernacular of slang for he was, by nature, chiefly interes not in the arrival of new pictures and new ima in the human mind, but in its hunger to exp ideas and the social and historical struggle once fired and shaped their now lucid surf Words, as he said, "resume in themselves much of the labours of the past, and assist abridge the labours of the future." We take granted the burden they carry and treat th like beasts or like mechanisms. Trench arr this indifference. Trench wrote with a melodi subtlety on his subject. He has the air o connoisseur who picks up each word as if it w a valuable piece of old glass, tapping it to h its bell-like ring and to follow the story of notations.

V. S. PRITCHET

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* *On the Study of Words.* By RICHARD CHEVENIX TRENCH.

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## THE CAUSE OF EMPIRE

**Argument of Empire.** By W. K. HANCO *Penguin Books.* 9*d.*

**The British Commonwealth.** By SIR EDW GRIGG. *Hutchinson.* 5*s.*

Different as they are in political outlook and intellectual quality, both these books spring fr the same psychological source—the self-excul tion that arises when we feel ourselves or our gr charged with error and failure. The British L has had to watch events like the loss of the East, and to listen to censorious twaddle about imperial structure from Americans and ot misinformed persons whose heads are scre on the wrong way. Now he backfires with sort of book, in which he seeks to restate, topical and fashionable terms, arguments may justify him in going on believing what he long been wont to believe about the gen beneficence of Empire. They are essays in rat alisation, aimed at restoring a wounded self-este and a fading prestige, For that reason nei will give much of a fillip to honest enlightenme

Within these limits, however, Professor H cock offers a nimble and polished performa *Argument of Empire* is really a boil-do for popular consumption on both sides of Atlantic, of the great feat of scholarship that occupied him for the last ten years—his "Su of British Commonwealth Affairs." The epit preserves many of the excellences of the la work, the easy mastery of subject-matter, range of knowledge, the clear definition and texture of the writing, and (what is rare in impe ist apologetics) the scrupulous determination to conceal the "dark spots."

In spite of these merits, the book will l many readers dissatisfied. It is partly that Mr. H cock's judgment seems to lose balance at cru points. His chapter on India, for example regard as a disaster, gravely distorting the real of the Indian scene. Again, he speaks of So Africa as though the old Anglo-Boer differe were now, thanks to British policy, composed mutual sense of unified South African nationho This view, I should say, is the precise opp of the fact. At any rate, the best of recent polit erature coming out of the Union seems agreed at nationality—the ideal of one inclusive South frican nation—has altogether failed as a principle union even between the two white races; and of urse there has never been the faintest prospect applying it to unite white with black.

For the full solution of the communal problem Africa (Mr. Hancock thinks it already half lved) he is content to rely on "the stirrings of a ore liberal attitude," which few but himself n discern. Observers on the spot, on the other nd, seem moving towards the quite different ew that, since the nationality principle has failed unite the people of South Africa, the only principle of union left is that of social class. They see e hope of the future in a strong and educated orking-class movement of all workers, European d non-European; and they look to a system which the cultural autonomy of particular cial groups shall be firmly grounded in a general n-racial supremacy of the working-class—a stem socialist in content and multi-national in rm.

Readers will also be worried by Mr. Hancock's mplacency. That may sound a hard word, but me and again he gives facts about the Empire at seem to me intolerable, and greets them himlf with qualified approval, if not with positive sto. Examples are his account of the Ottawa periment and of social welfare in British Africa, d his whole estimate of the British performance India. How comes it that it should take so tle to please him—that in all his valuations he ould apply standards which seem, to me at ast, absurdly low and quite unworthy of the itain in which I believe?

As a profound admirer of Mr. Hancock's orks, I have reflected much on this. I think e answer is that he is all historian, without a op of scientist in him. He therefore appraises, y, social achievement in present-day Africa by iteria derived from social achievements elsehere in the past, and he is thankful if he can scover but a little gold among all the dross. scientist would say, wouldn't he? that the iteria should be drawn rather from a detailed udy of the present structure and energies of the frican functional system, and the concrete condions in which it operates. Such a study alone, would suggest, can reveal the determinate ssibilities which the sytem, as an ongoing pross, contains. I believe that when this method used the possibilities of rapid social advance in frica have to be rated much higher, and the esent British record there much lower, than r. Hancock gives us to understand.

Sir E. Grigg, for his part, is neither scientist nor historian. He parades the rhetoric of the cause. His central theme is that imperial unity and strength rank higher than social progress or gestures designed to foster international goodwill, and that Britain owes more consideration to her own family than to the world at large. The Empire, therefore, must continue to control communications, strategic strongholds, and air landing grounds throughout the world, and must not "surrender them to international ownership." Over Europe, the Mediterranean and the Middle East Britain must maintain a military hegemony. Attempts to advance beyond these limited conceptions he dismisses as demoralising propaganda. And lest anything so sinister should grip our people he wants children in all schools assembled to salute the flag at regular intervals.

His book seems well calculated to confirm the sharpest of our allied critics in the worst of their suspicions.

LEONARD BARNES

## MODERN RUSSIA

**Mother Russia.** By MAURICE HINDUS. *Collins.* *12s. 6d.*

Mr. Hindus's reputation as an interpreter of the new Russia is solid and secure. He knows it not only as it can only be known to one of Russian birth, who knew also the Russia of the Czarist regime; he knows it also as one who has lived long years in the United States and can thus judge it from without as well as within. His present book is an able and moving picture of Russia at war. Its value lies not only in its vividness of the people, but, also, in the fact that it is, as it were, a summing-up of the stage reached by Russia in that turning-point of the Revolution which is marked by the superb resistance which has hurled back the Nazi horde. It is a book the pages of which will live long in the memory of their readers.

Mr. Hindus begins with a series of portraits of the young people, men and women whose activities in the war have given them a special place in the epic struggle against Hitler. No summary can do them justice; they belong to those records of ultimate heroism which shape the tradition of a people. He then describes the reconquest by the new Russia of its ancient history, the adaptation of its part to the unfolding significance of the new time. What has happened, if I may interpolate an analogy, is not so much, in the favourite phrase of the moment, that Russia has gone nationalist as that the awareness of unity which the Nazi attack has completed has given a new perspective to the past, and enabled it to be set in a context which nourishes and sustains the present. The same phenomenon can be observed with ourselves. The Cromwell of the aristocratic eighteenth century is a very different person from the Cromwell of Carlyle and Gardiner and Morley writing for middle-class England; the Chartist Movement has a different significance for the Victorian writers from its significance to historians who, like Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, see it in the meaning of its contribution to the character of our own day. So peasant revolts were one thing to the Czarist historian; they are set in a different background since 1917. New values mean new history.

Mr. Hindus writes with vigour on the characteristics of the new Russian society. Perhaps his portrait makes a very complex thing a little too simple. I should myself have liked to see a little more discussion of "priggishness" in the new Russia, the enthusiastic sense of a "manifest destiny," that almost febrile worship of Stalin who, though obviously a very human person, is enjoying, like a Roman emperor, something not very different from deification from motives and for purposes which deserve a pretty close scrutiny. And I should have welcomed a different discussion from Mr. Hindus about the new future which is opening to the Russian Church. Obviously, the Communist Party of the Soviet Union will not allow it to become a parallel power. It will never again control vast properties, nor will it send one of the half-dozen central impulses through the national life by its part in the schools. Will it merely add one more sanction to the immense power of the state in return, as it were, for the right to live on terms specified by the state? Or will it modify the *mores* of the society by its appeal to impulses and emotions with which the state does not concern itself? Mr. Hindus might well reply that this is a theme too vast for a dozen pages in five hundred. I can only say that I think most readers would have spared the skilful journalism of parts five and six, in which Mr. Hindus only repeats, even though refreshingly, fairly well-known commonplaces, for a fuller insight into the possible results of what, I suspect, will seem half-a-century from now, one of Stalin's major decisions.

When Mr. Hindus comes to speculate about the future, he is wisely cautious. The coming victory will give Russia a new sense of power; it is not yet safe to prophesy that it will give Stalin and his colleagues that full sense of security

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T. H. Burnham is well known as the author of *Engineering Economics*, which since 1927 has been widely used, and in the authorship of which G. O. Hoskins is now associated.

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in international relations which is so urgent both for Russia itself, and the rest of the world. Much, obviously, will turn on the attitude of Britain and America to the revolutionary uprisings which will occur at the end of the war. Are we, for instance, going to extend our patronage to monarchical institutions in Greece and Jugoslavia, whatever the wishes of their peoples? Shall we really avoid the danger of using relief as a political weapon? Shall we really seek to build common principles of action which persuade whoever is in 10 Downing Street or in the White House to insist that the well-being of people comes before the well-being of private property? It is upon the answers to these questions that the future depends. Russia has paid an enormous price for an achievement which its leaders will defend to the last. They know that there is a real sense in which this war is only a continuation of the ugly interventions of 1918–22. The peace of the world and, thereby, democracy in the world, depends upon our ability to say that, with the defeat of Nazi Germany, the principle of intervention is finally invalid. And that ability, in its turn, will depend upon the wisdom and the magnanimity of statesmen in Europe and America in perhaps the next five years.

HAROLD J. LASKI

## NEW NOVELS

**The Human Comedy.** By WILLIAM SAROYAN. *Faber.* *8s. 6d.*

**Primer for Combat.** By KAY BOYLE. *Faber.* *8s. 6d.*

**Time With a Gift of Tears.** By CLIFFORD BAX. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* *12s. 6d.*

Saroyan is still a daring young man on a tightrope. This prolific and bewildering writer of short stories has now written a book which is technically a novel, but in which each chapter is virtually a complete story in itself. In the past Saroyan has showed himself both one of the neatest, wittiest and most humane of living story-writers, and also one of the most bathetical and sentimental. Indeed, there are few writers with so wide a range of merit. *The Human Comedy* (surely an ambitious title) never touches either the heights or the depths; parts of it are very funny and parts are mildly embarrassing. This description of wartime life in an American small town makes no pretence at accuracy. It is the wistful day-dream of a humane but somewhat too cosy idealist. All but a very few of the characters are "great" and a typical introduction is:

> This boy was Lionel Cabot, the neighbourhood half-wit, but all the same a great human being, faithful, generous and sweet-tempered.

A whole town of Lionels is strangely unattractive. Saroyan is best at his most fantastic and the description of a small boy caught in a patent animal trap at the local ironmonger's is very funny indeed.

There has been a recent tendency to write any and every sort of book in novel-form from a recommendation of Adlerian psychology to a history of twentieth century Europe. To this tendency Miss Kay Boyle has now fallen a victim. Miss Boyle was living in France during the months immediately following defeat. A sensitive and intelligent observer, her diary of the period would have been an interesting contribution to the accounts already published. Why, then, savage this diary into the shape of a novel? If the only object is to preserve the anonymity of individuals, a little discreet juggling could not have offended. It seems more probable that there is a current mistrust of "mere journalism"—a determination that fiction, no matter how close to fact, is necessarily more honourable. But in a novelist of Miss Boyle's experience this delusion is an odd one. Cummings's *The Enormous Room* is as good a book as any novel of the last war. Koestler's and De Polnay's descriptions of the French collapse are far better than Ehrenburg's novel.

As one would expect, the strictly factual in this book is far better than any of the arbitrary fictional insertions. There are many interesting accounts of individual reactions to national calamity, but the tedious long-distance love-affair contributes nothing. With judicious skipping a reader will find *Primer for Combat* both moving and informative.

*Time with a Gift of Tears* is the book of a laughing philosopher, a cynic with a heart of gold, etc. "Mr. Bax's wisdom and experience are deliciously tempered by his graceful humour and a sure touch of satire." His new novel is a "vie intime" with "a background of the modes and manners of the years between the two wars, the intellectual fashions, the social habits and the psychological climate." Already the experienced reader will feel a certain queasiness in the stomach, so well does he know that "background." And there is to be no pleasant surprise. Once again we are presented with the long-haired Left, the literary cliques, the bright young things. It is precisely as though satirist of different views was to be funny abo moustached colonels, languishing duchesses a Rolls-Royces.

PHILIP TOYNBEE

## DEMOCRATIC TRADITION IN FRANC

**France is a Democracy.** By LOUIS LÉV *Gollancz.* *5s.*

M. Lévy has written a useful introduction f all those who are unaware of the strong Frenc democratic traditions. He approaches his them with a frank confession of his undisturbed beli in a version of Marxist Socialism of which Ma himself might have said: *Moi, je ne suis p marxiste.* It is somewhat surprising to rea that once we have been sufficiently advance by education "the day may come when the gre democracies, like some ancient cities, will choo the holders of their public office by lot, and no by election." M. Lévy underestimates to wh extent modern state administration must be ru by highly trained experts. The "socialisation o the means of production" does by no mean guarantee "socialism" if we do not conceiv of devices to check the threat of the "dictatorshi of the bureaucrat." Indeed, the theoretic luggage M. Lévy carries is not very heavy.

Yet where he remains in the realm of descriptiv narrative he is admirable and instructive, excep in his chapter on "Glimpses of History" whic is too sketchy and does not sufficiently analys the plebiscitarian trend in the French politic make-up. Plebiscitarian France is not just a historic accident illustrated by Napoleon I Louis Napoleon, and Boulanger as it may appea to an uninformed reader of M. Lévy's book There is a thing which Alexis de Tocqueville— who knew more about French political structur than anyone else—called plebiscitary democrac for which Frenchmen have shown a considerab aptitude.

M. Lévy is more aware of this aptitude of th French nation for succumbing to military dictator ship when he stresses the "necessary guarantees" General de Gaulle was obliged to give to Frenc democrats. It is evident that M. Lévy stands f the supremacy of civil over military authority an it seems opportune to underline this belief withou which the Republican tradition in France canno be revived.

It is with delight that we follow M. Lévy' course in political geography. In this chapte he leads us through democratic France fro North to South, from West to East, and final

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Paris. Here he is at his best, for he knows and ves his country. When he turns again to sociology of the "ordinary people" in France e are not always prepared to agree. E.g. it ems that M. Lévy underestimates the role the chnicians of all kinds played in undermining e French Republic. Evidently they were less merous than in Germany or England (even latively), but the fact that France has no traditins of "local self-government" made bureauatisation a danger which was more acute in 39 and before, than M. Lévy is perhaps ready admit.

This leads us to the political sphere proper: rties, government in past and future. In this spect M. Lévy makes some very interesting servations. He wants the powers of the French nate limited. With the latter point I entirely ree; the former point, while sound in principle, y raise the question whether strong parties not give rise to equally strong party bureauacies?

M. Lévy writes as a partisan and he openly mits it. He maintains the ideals of the S.F.I.O. rhaps his political self-righteousness is not ite justified. New political groupings, new d younger men are coming up within the French sistance movement. These will be the bearers the future of the French democratic tradition.

Professor Laski has contributed a brilliant roduction to the book in which he deploys s full mastery of French political thought.

J. P. MAYER

## THE RESTLESS ENGLISH

**ravel in England.** By THOMAS BURKE. *Batsford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A continual puzzle for Arthur Young, travelng through France in 1787, was the contrast tween the magnificent roads, bridges and nals, and the quantity and quality of the traffic hich used them:

> Enter Paris for the fourth time, confirmed in the idea that the roads immediately leading to that capital are deserts, comparatively speaking, with those of London. . . . The French must be the most stationary people upon earth; when in a place they rest without a thought of going to another. Or the English must be the most restless; and find more pleasure in moving from one place to another than in resting to enjoy life in either. If the French nobility went to their country seats only when exiled there by the court, the roads could not be more solitary.

he wretchedness of the inns and the impossibility hiring a carriage, even in a large town, proked the same question: "Where is the circulating connection between such masses of people?" and the same answer: "Circulation is stagnant in France." In eighteenth-century England the roads were still so bad that one country gentleman was forced to order a carriage built to fit the ruts on the local road. But travellers for topographical curiosity or idle pleasure had been steadily increasing since the days of Camden and Ben Jonson, and the first public coaches began running in the seventeenth century. By 1799 a German who visited England calculated that 1,400 public vehicles left London on one day of the week. All foreigners were impressed by the amount of traffic and the speed of travelling, but also by the expense and the danger involved—"for this reason it is that we see more wooden legs here than in any other country." Some were acute enough to notice the characteristic snobbery which was part of the Englishman's luggage. The private carriage despised the horseman, the stage-coach the stage-waggon, and a great many inns refused to lodge the foot traveller, even in the nineteenth century. For a time the inside passengers of the stage-coach would not eat at the same table with those who went outside. Then the fashion changed, as a result of propaganda by Oxford undergraduates, according to De Quincey, and inside travelling became bourgeois and middle-aged.

Although they travelled much, the English do not seem to have borne the incidental discomforts with silent fortitude. The mystery is that so many sensitive and irascible people cursed and grumbled their way across country in unsprung coaches, or the roofless, seatless trucks which were the original Third Class railway carriages, disgruntled by indigestion and the fear of getting entangled with their fellow travellers. From Swift to Dickens—Mr. Burke quotes some excellent passages on railway hotels and refreshment rooms—most literary travellers have corroded their itinerary with a trail of invective.

By now, for many of us, the nostalgic charm acquired by Baedeker at the beginning of the war lies heavy on the pages of Bradshaw. But Mr. Burke, alas, has not the evocative art to take the reader bowling down the roads with him, nor the courage to go into technical detail and give naked information. He is most at ease in the last two hundred years, which are better provided with quotable material. The Romans are quickly dealt with, and the fascinating subject of green roads is dismissed with a loose reference to "early Britons." From the Middle Ages onward, when the Church slowly began to pick up the threads of communication dropped by the Romans, he gives an honest and fairly complete account of the development of travel. But the book belongs to the category of works which would be more interesting if they were duller: it falls between the stools of entertainment and history. There are many illustrations and they are extraordinarily good: consider the text as an enlarged commentary on the pictures and it is well worth buying.

CRESSIDA RIDLEY

**The End of the Beginning.** War Speeches by the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, 1942, compiled by CHARLES EADE. *Cassell.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

This, the third instalment of the Churchill wartime canon, opens with the Prime Minister toasting the New Year (1942) in brief platitude in a railway dining-car in America, and ends with a message thanking Congress for a Christmas greeting. It contains, indeed, a good many such trivia: although the book is "produced in complete conformity with the authorised economy standards," a whole page is devoted, for instance, to a two-line message of "heartfelt good wishes" to Mr. Curtin. But the major speeches are well worth re-reading, especially for those who were present when they were delivered and can recall their varying circumstances and moods, the careful poising of the rare words, the pattings of the despatch-box, the benignity or roughness of tone. It is interesting, too, to come on remarks which might have created more stir—such as the astonishing "I have stuck hard to my 'blood, toil, tears, and sweat,' to which I have added muddle and mismanagement" (July 2nd, 1942). The period of the book includes both the nadir of the war (when, soon after Singapore, Mr. Churchill was complaining, with comprehensible moodiness, of the "enormous burdens" of "repeated and constant attendance on this House, which I never expected I should have to face, but which I will face") and the brightening implied in the title-quotation. There are such brilliant broadcasts as that of May 10th, 1942, and, valuably, many answers to Parliamentary questions; in these often emerges a Johnsonian didactic pungency ("Sir, we must beware of needless innovation, especially when guided by logic") or a Swiftian ferocity: "I can well believe that the fact that it [a tank] was called by this particular name [Churchill] afforded a motive to various persons to endeavour to cover it with their slime"—an abrupt change from the mellowness of an earlier reference to the same subject: "It had many defects and teething troubles, and when these became apparent the tank was appropriately rechristened the 'Churchill.'" Such versatility is part of the Prime Minister's formidable fascination.

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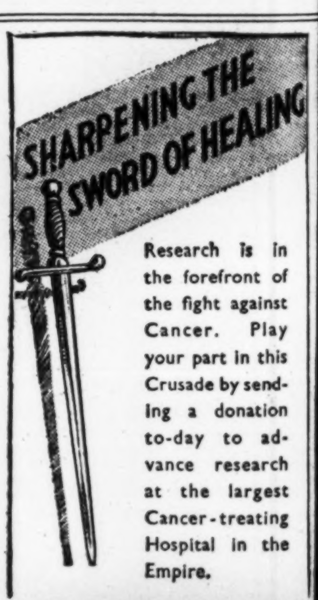
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**arget for To-morrow.** Editorial Board: SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE, DR. JULIAN HUXLEY and SIR JOHN ORR. No. 1: *Industry After the War*. By CHARLES MADGE. *Pilot Press*. 3*s*. 6*d*.

This is the first of a new series of booklets whose m is to provide the basis for discussion of post-war oblems more by summarising contending points view than by propounding solutions of its own. cellently produced photographs and pictorial agrams illustrate the points made in the text with lling effect. Sir William Beveridge, in a studiously partial preface, sets out the questions which must asked of any scheme of relationships between the ate and industry. For instance, of uncontrolled ivate enterprise, it must be asked: Can it avoid employment? Of State control: Can it be reconciled ith democratic institutions and liberties? Of a ixed system, How can the boundaries between em be drawn? Mr. Madge, after reviewing the rious points of view that have been put forward recent pamphlets, articles and speeches, outlines "practical target"—advocating the division of dustries into three types: (*a*) State-owned and anaged, (*b*) privately owned, with some or all of directors appointed by the State, (*c*) privately ned and managed. The arguments are set out arly and fairly, and the series should provide an cellent starting point for discussion amongst the any groups of bewildered citizens who are nowadays oping their way towards an opinion on the problems reconstruction.

# Week-end Competitions

## No. 715

**t by W. R.**

Four guineas are offered for the best rhyming phabets (not more than 26 lines) of dead authors o have written in English.

LES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and ould be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great rnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor first post on Monday, October 25th.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves right to print in part or as a whole any matter t in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. nnot be returned. When no entries reach the quired standard no prize will be awarded.

## ESULT OF COMPETITION No. 712

**t by C. Urchin**

The usual prizes are offered for the best farewell scene between a patient and his psycho-analyst, a private and his sergeant, or a lady and her Pekinese. Limit 200 words.

**port by C. Urchin**

These farewell scenes were rather a disappointnt. Few competitors managed to avoid the most obvious attitudes in consulting-room, barrack room or drawing-room, and dialogue was for the most part flat and formal. The exceptions were provided by those who "got round" the situation. Don Johnne (first prize, 2 guineas) seized the connection between psyches and tragedy and produced an impressive hybrid in verse; D. G. Ansell's brief effort has almost the force of an epigram; Towanbucket wrote a rattling ballad with his usual competence; and Hilda Howells made her monologue of lady and peke funnier than others did. I am sorry that F. C. C.'s conversation on the same subject was far too long for the terms of the competition. In it doggie had his say, and very charming and sensible it was.

### FIRST PRIZE.

### THE FINAL SESSION.

*Analyst* : Our revelation's ended. You can hate me
Remorselessly. Don't mention it . . .
Goodbye.
*Patient* : Banished!
*Analyst* : Suppress that child-dependency
On my paternal image.
*Patient* : Abandon me
To unsupported years of Kraft-durch-Freud?
*Analyst* : I do. You're standard as a nylon tooth-brush;
One with the standard psyches squeezed from tubes
At Paddington or Holborn.
*Patient* : All for this!
I swelled your case-book, taught you new perversions,
Raked the rich filths of my delinquent mind,
Winged you to outsoar Adler, debunk Fromm:*
Ravished your elderly and plain attendant . .
*Analyst* : Enough! She comprehends Jocasta's part.
(*Aside*) (Be still, my Id, be still!)—Enough.
Farewell.
*Patient* : Farewell, my free associations, dreams;
Obscenities, fixations, O farewell!
All signs, all symbols of repressed desire
Farewell! Libido's occupation's gone!
(*Weeps*). (*Suddenly recovering*)
—Explain one thing. I dreamt she *was* my mother.
*Analyst* : Commit no myth. Your unregressing psyche
Can face reality . . . Indeed, she *is*.
*Patient* : My Super-Ego! You empiric scoundrel
Who filched my loves and gave me "transference",
Father indeed to my iniquities!
*Analyst* : Father in deed. She was my wife. Divorced.
*Patient* : Remarried to the mythologic cradle,
With all my OEdiposities exposed
To *you*, old Laius! Nail the lie! Lie there!! (*Stabs him with his umbrella***)

. . . . .

I need a first-class Psychotherapist.
(*Exit, bearing case-history*).

DON JOHNNE

* *Adler*, in German, means *eagle*; *Fromm*, pious or pietistic. (I.II).

** Or other phallic symbol.

### SECOND PRIZE.

### GOODBYE, SERGEANT!

I've said good-bye to the Sergeant, an' I shan't see the blighter no more,
An' there wasn't no blisterin' tears shed, an' the partin' ain't leavin' me sore;
For 'e was the lousiest son-of-a-gun,
The dirtiest, shirtiest son-of-a-gun
Wot ever swung swagger cane.

I'll tell you just 'ow it was, chums, for I know you won't give me away,
Seein' since you 'ad smoked 'im like I did, you'd 'ave done jus' wot I done to-day;
For 'e was the rottenest three-stripe bloke,
The slimiest, crimiest three-stripe bloke
Wot ever docked swaddy's pay.

We was throwin' our bombs with the rest, mates, when I sees I've a ruddy good chance,
So I pulls out the pin of me doin's, an' I sticks it in Sergeant's pants;
For 'e was the beastliest son-of-a-bitch,
The muckingest, suckingest son-of-a-bitch
Wot ever made rookies dance.

Yes, I've said farewell to the Sergeant on be'alf of the land of the free,
An' 'e's gone to the naughty place, lads, where 'e won't get no stick in 'is tea;
For 'e was the wickedest sergeant stiff,
The slinkiest, stinkiest sergeant stiff
Wot ever was known to be.

(TOWANBUCKET)

### PSYCHOLOGIST AND PATIENT.

*Patient* : "I made it all up."

(D. G. ANSELL)

### LADY AND PEKE.

"As you say, Ralph; eleven days will soon pass; but mind one thing, don't let Caroto get constipated. Give him half a spoonful of cascara every other day.

"Oh, Caroto, darling. Be a good boy and eat your rice pudding every day.

"Oh, Ralph, you can put my sugar ration on Caroto's bread and butter; I shan't need it.

"Caroto, kiss Mama dood-bye and let me wipe your'se little nosey.

"Ralph, I hope they disinfect the bed well before I arrive. I hate germs.

"Caroto, I swear you know I hate parting with you. My face is all wet where you've been slobbering me with your kisses.

"Ralph, give my little doggie heaps of milk to keep his strength up. If you have all your meals in the canteen your rations will do for Coroto.

"No, indeed. I am not taking my rations with me. What have I paid fourpence per week for two years for?

"Ralph, see if that's the ambulance. It is? Well, good-bye, old man, and doody-bye, mother's darling. Oh, Ralph, give me that packet of chocolate laxatives; no horrid cascara for me—appendix or no appendix."

(HILDA HOWELLS)

**Personal**

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